

DOCTOR WHO

MAGAZINE

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE

ISSUE 343 26 MAY 2004

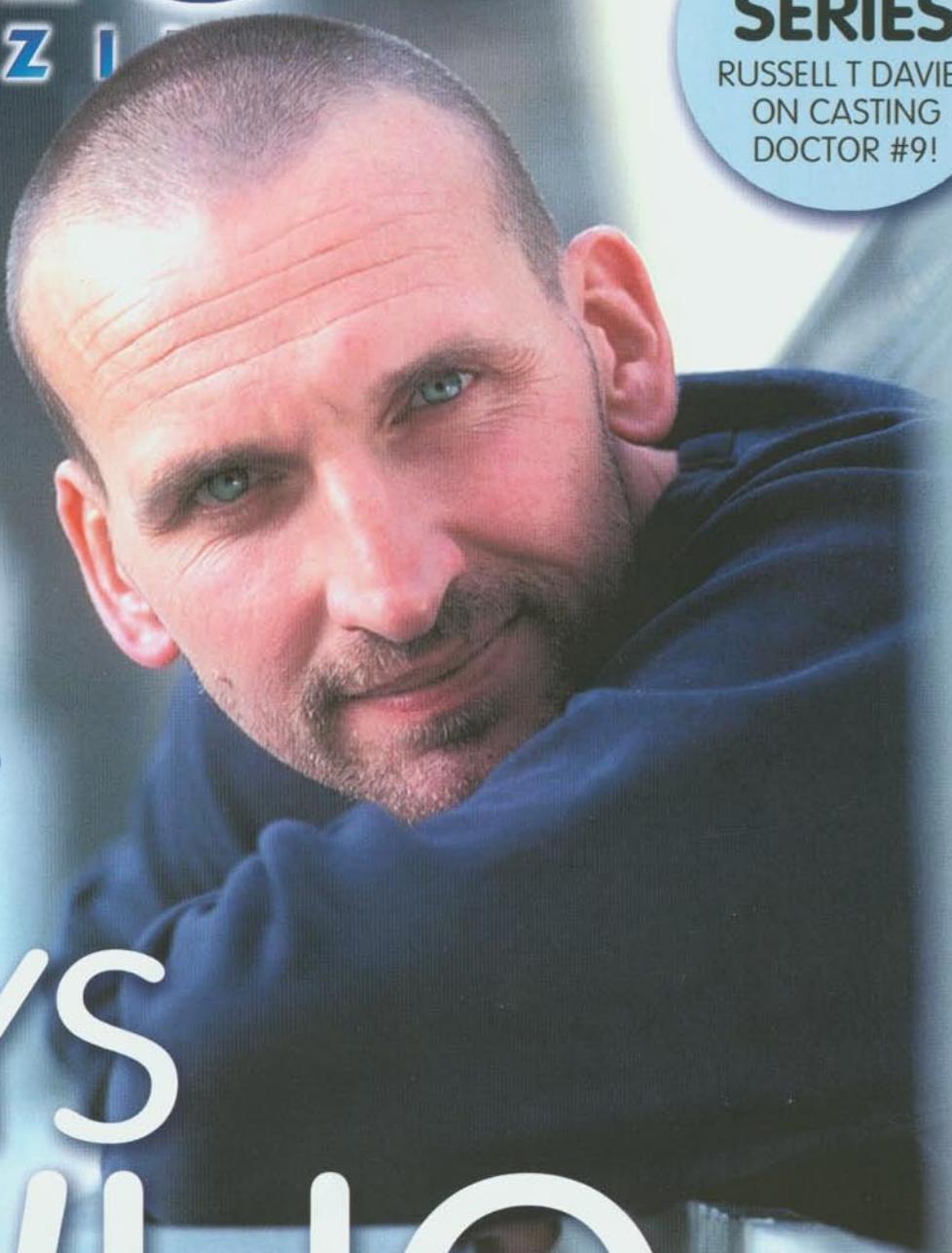
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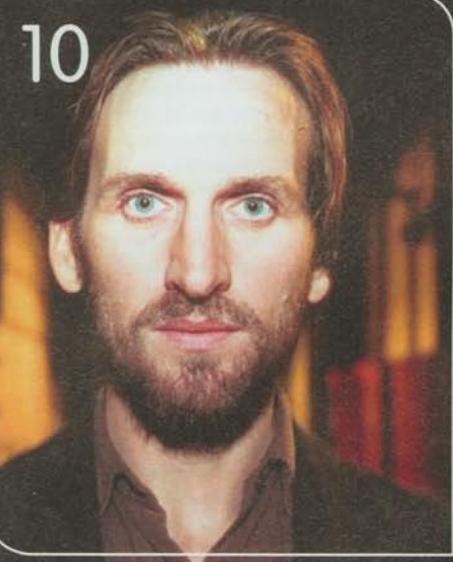
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OTHER NEWS...

IRON LEGION DELAY



Due to problems at the printing stage, the first of Panini's Doctor Who graphic novels, *The Iron Legion*, was delayed for a couple of weeks, although it should hopefully be in bookstores and specialist comic shops by the time you read this. To order a copy call MRM on 01858 410 510.

A second volume, *Dragon's Claw*, is on course for later this year. The volume will include all the **DWM** comic strips from issues 39 - 60, including *Dragon's Claw*, *The Collector*, *Dreamers of Death*, *The Life Bringer*, *War of the Worlds*, *Spider-God*, *The Deal*, *End of the Line*, *The Free-Fall Warriors*, *Junkyard Demon* and *The Neutron Knights*.

BYE BYE DAVROS!

Toy company Product Enterprise recently announced that their proposed Talking Davros action figure has been cancelled. The company did confirm, however, that their range of Radio Controlled Daleks will be relaunched in September, with a new, gold model.

DAPHNE GOES SCOUSE!



Actress Daphne Ashbrook, who played Dr Grace Holloway in the 1996 TV Movie will make her first official visit to the UK this August. Daphne will be making an appearance at an event to be held in Liverpool, co-organised by Enigma Productions, 10th Planet and the Wirral Doctor Who Local Group. The plan is to have an 'evening with...' stage show, during which Daphne will answer questions from fans. It is also hoped that there will also be a merchandise room, light entertainment, and several life-size Daleks in attendance. The event is scheduled for the last week in August at a venue to be announced soon.

WIN MAGGOTS!

Doctor Who makes his first visit to Wales in *The Green Death* (on release now as a BBC Worldwide DVD priced £19.99), and we've got five copies of this extras-packed story to give away to you lot! To be in with a chance of winning one, simply tell us the correct answer is to this embarrassingly simple question...



What's depicted on the national flag of Wales?

Is it [a] a dragon; [b] a leek; or [c] Russell T Davies?

Send your answer on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked STEEVENS to the editorial address by 1 June, boyo!



2005 SEASON TWO-PART STORIES UNVEILED

Doctor Who's executive producer, Russell T Davies, has revealed to **DWM** details of the three two-part stories for the 2005 season.

The first multi-parter comprises episodes four and five, is currently titled *Aliens of London*, and is written by Davies himself; episodes nine and ten, both written by *Coupling's* Steven

Moffat, form the second two-parter; and the final two episodes of the series, twelve and thirteen, will be written by Russell T Davies under the working title *The Parting of the Ways*. All titles are subject to change.

Russell talks more about the new series in his Production Notes column on page 50.

Meanwhile, new Doctor Christopher Eccleston appeared on

BBC1's morning show *BBC Breakfast* on Friday 2 April. He confirmed that some old enemies would feature in the new season, that the Sontarans were his favourite monsters when he was a child, and that he wouldn't be using 'received pronunciation' as the Doctor: "I don't wanna sound like a member of the Royal Family," he told hosts Bill Turnbull and Sian Williams. "I think it'll just be my voice ... my accent has been poshed up since I became an actor, so he'll sound like me." **DWM**'s own interview with Christopher Eccleston begins on page 10.

EXCLUSIVE! GARY RUSSELL REVEALS THE FUTURE OF THE EIGHTH DOCTOR AUDIOS FINAL McGANN 'SEASON'

Big Finish co-producer Gary Russell has given **DWM** some exclusive news about the future of their *Doctor Who* audio range, in light of the new television series.

"The arrival of a new series on TV in 2005 has caused us to move things around in our schedule somewhat," explains Russell. "With, we hope, lots of new viewers coming to Doctor Who next year, Big Finish, like BBC Books and everyone else, is hoping they'll want to investigate the show's past. Thus we thought it might not be the best time to have an ongoing series of plays with running themes, alternate universes and no TARDIS! I think it's very important to make potential newcomers feel welcome – we don't want them to feel as if they've missed out on so much backstory that they can never catch up."

To that end, Big Finish has decided to bring forward by a year or so the wrap-up to the Eighth Doctor's 'alternative universe' story arc.

"Yes, I suppose this rather reveals that he gets out," smiles Russell. "However, I'd never want to make things quite that simple for him or for those listeners who have followed these stories all the way through – I think it's fair to say that he won't leave the Divergents' universe untouched by the experience. And whether or not Charley or C'rizz stay or go remains to be seen."

This new run of Eighth Doctor stories will be the last to be released as a 'season' – subsequent adventures will appear in the annual line-ups in rotation, as do the regular Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Doctor adventures. For all four of these new stories, Paul McGann will be joined by India Fisher as Charley, Conrad Westmaas as C'rizz and Stephen Perring as the unscrupulous Kro'ka.

Kicking off the new season in September this year will be *Faith Stealer*, a four-part adventure written by Graham Duff and directed by Nicholas Briggs. Duff is a regular writer and script editor for *Steve Coogan's Baby Cow Productions*, with *Dr Terrible's House of Horrible* and *Combat Sheep* amongst his credits.

October's story will be *The Last* by Gary Hopkins, who has previously written for ITV's acclaimed *Dramarama* series, plus *Erasmus Microman* and a number of Granada TV's *Jeremy Brett Sherlock Holmes* stories.

The third story, *Caerdroia*, out in November, is by Lloyd Rose, a name familiar to BBC Books readers for her novels *The City of the Dead* and *Camera Obscura*. Rose also has impressive TV writing credits such as *Homicide: Life on the Streets* and the acclaimed Mexican mobster mini-series *Kingpin*.

The final story of 2004, as yet untitled, will be a three-disc release by Alan Barnes and will see a return match between the Doctor and Rassilon where the truth about the Divergents will be revealed.

"With my usual flair for originality mixed with stating the blindingly obvious," says Russell, "Alan and I are currently referring to this by the title *Rassilon*, but my guess is that may change before release. And yes, I know this breaks my rule about all 2004 scripts being by writers new

to Big Finish's Doctor Who range, but rules are there to be broken. So long as they're broken by me!"

THE BEST OF THE REST ...

Also scheduled before the end of this year is a single-disc Seventh Doctor adventure, initially to be given away free to Big Finish subscribers. No writer has yet been allocated to this release, but it is intended that the author and story will be drawn from the entries to last year's open submissions contest.



Due in November is a double-disc *Doctor Who: Unbound* story, "Big Finish's celebratory 41st anniversary release – well come on, someone had to do one!" jokes Russell. As yet producer John Ainsworth has not announced a writer or Doctor, but he promises that it will serve as a sequel to one of 2003's original run of *Unbound* stories and will see the return of one of those actors to the role.

The first of the next wave of single CD releases, running concurrently with the main Doctor Who audio dramas for next year, will be a modern-day UNIT mini-series, running from December 2004 through to March 2005. These will be produced by Ian Farrington and as yet no writers or casting have been confirmed.

The initial run of regular Doctor Who releases for 2005 are all by writers previously unconnected to Big Finish. January will see a three-CD release by *Seinfeld* writer Darin Henry, who also counts *Muppets Tonight*, *Grasse Point* and *Futurama* amongst his writing credits. This will be a Fifth Doctor story entitled *Game Time*. Although both this and Rassilon are triple CDs, they will retail for less than last year's *Zagreus* triple CD (ie £15.99), but as yet, no price has been fixed.

February will see a return to the traditional double-CD releases with *The Juggernauts* by Scott Alan Woodard, a writer/producer for the 'Kids WB' animation studios in the USA. Featuring the Sixth Doctor and Mel, this story will also see the return of Davros, played once again by Terry Molloy, this time joined by his creations the Daleks and their old enemies the Mechanoids. March will see the last in this trio of American authored-plays, with John Ostrander's previously-announced *Dead Man's Hand*, featuring the Seventh Doctor, Ace and Hex.

Gary Russell continues: "I hope that the early part of 2005's line-up of writers, Doctors and monsters will hook the 'casual' viewers of the new TV show and draw them into the world of Doctor Who – a world that we have all known for years to be fascinating, exciting, dangerous and, above all, fun. We want to show them that whilst three months of new telly Doctor Who is great, there's a massive and marvellous history to the show and it's up to Big Finish, BBC Books, the **DWM** comic strips and everyone else to demonstrate that this history is accessible to everyone, whether they've loved the character since 1963, 1973, 1983, 1996 or 2005. Oh and in case anyone's wondering, of course we hope to ask Christopher Eccleston to join us one day, but let's allow him to get settled into the role first, eh?"

FORMER CONTROLLER MICHAEL GRADE IS THE NEW BBC CHAIRMAN

BBC GETS AN UP-GRADE!

Former BBC1 Controller Michael Grade, infamous among Doctor Who fans for his 'axing' of the series in 1985, was announced as the BBC's new Chairman on April 1.

His appointment follows the resignation of previous Chairman Gavyn Davies, who quit after the findings of the Hutton Report. Michael Grade has made no secret of his dislike for Doctor Who in the past – in 2002 he told Room 101 host Paul Merton that he tried to get rid of the show because he "thought it was rubbish," and a "waste of the licence payer's money."

Just before his new appointment, a cross-party group of MPs (including the Conservative Party's Tim Collins, who appeared on last year's *Earthshock* DVD) sent an open letter to Mr Grade asking him for a guarantee that should he be appointed, he would not derail the new series.

Michael Grade was interviewed on Radio 4's PM programme on Friday April 2 about his new job, and



interviewer Eddie Mair jokingly asked if Grade would be axing Doctor Who again. Grade laughed off the suggestion, commenting, "there was all sorts of consternation amongst the Board of Governors [in 1985]. It's not a matter for the Governors, it's a matter for the Management. This time it's none of my business what happens to Doctor Who. As long as I don't have to watch it!"

We're sure that our readers will be reassured by Mr Grade's promise not to interfere with the new series of Doctor Who. Here at DWM, though, we feel it is rather disappointing that someone who is now, once again, in a high-ranking position at the BBC feels the need to be derogatory about a series that the corporation hopes will be a flagship programme for its mainstream channel.

If nothing else, it seems rather discourteous to current BBC1 controller Lorraine Heggessey, who has so publicly supported the series in recent years.

It's no great surprise to us fans though, is it ...?

NINTH DOCTOR NOVELS CONFIRMED

BC Books' range editor Justin Richards has given DWM some more news about the future of the Doctor Who book range: "Readers will be pleased to hear that there will definitely be a run of Ninth Doctor novels to tie in with the new series. The PDAs will continue – with a new face joining the team as the EDAs will be absorbed into that series. It looks likely at the moment that the PDAs will continue to be published as before while the series is off-air, with New Who adventures – aimed very much at the same audience as the new series – coming out while the series is being transmitted.

"We're also looking at non-fiction and other opportunities. But until we know how well-received the series will be, it is difficult to make a case for branching out too much – especially as DWM will be offering the sort of in-depth behind the scenes coverage that the fans really want, in a much more detailed and timely manner than a book could ever do. But what we do publish will be very exciting and highly distinctive."

"Of course, once the show is a huge success then we'll be able to make the case to go even further with series 2 in 2006. We know there is an enormous potential market for Doctor Who material that is aimed at a more general audience than traditional and die-hard fans – the tremendous success of *The Legend* has proved that. But we shan't be neglecting the fans either and we're looking at ways of appealing to both without alienating or short-changing either."

Justin also confirmed to us that 40th anniversary tome *The Legend* has completely sold out, even after being reprinted.



OUTSIDE THE SPACESHIP

Compiled by Dominic May

ECCLESTON NOMINATED Christopher Eccleston was recently BAFTA-nominated for his performance in Russell T Davies' *The Second Coming*, as was the serial itself, the results of which were due on 18 April. Little Britain, featuring Tom Baker's narration, was also nominated as Best Comedy Programme or Series, it having already won the Entertainment category at the Royal Television Society Awards on 16 March. Little Britain was also in the running for this year's Rose d'or in Montreux between 13 and 18 April.

HELLRAISER PENSIONER TOM Tom Baker, now 70, headed up to the Scottish Highland communities of Badenoch and Strathspey on 19 March to play Hector's younger brother, Donald MacDonald, in the sixth ten-part series of BBC1's *Monarch of the Glen*. Tom recently completed his voice work as ZeeBadee for *The Magic Roundabout* movie.

COMPANION TOURS Mary Tamm's *Mixed Feelings* continues its run with dates at: Churchill Theatre, Bromley – 4–8 May (Box Office 020 8460 6677); Richmond Theatre – 10–15 May (020 8940 0088); Arts Theatre, Cambridge – 17–22 May (01223 503333); Theatre Royal, Brighton – 24–29 May (01273 328488); Theatre Royal, Plymouth – 1–5 June (01752 668282). **Frazer Hines** is touring in the Richard Harris cricket comedy *Outside Edge* until early October. He kicks off at The Capital Theatre, Horsham Arts Centre – 30 April/1 May (01403 268689), then Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne – 4–8 May (01323 412000); Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage – 10–15 May (0870 013103); Grand Theatre, Blackpool – 18–22 May (01253 290190); TBA – 24–29 May; Theatre Royal, Nottingham – 1–5 June (01159 895555). More to follow.

FASCINATING BONNIE Chanteuse comedians Fascinating Aida recruited **Bonnie Langford** (pictured) at the

start of the year to complete their contractual obligations following the departure of Marilyn Cutts. She has been adding her vocal skills to songs such as *This is the Dawning of the Age of Apocalypse* and *We'll Never See 40 Again* and appears with them at the Chelsea Royal Hospital on behalf of the Multiple Sclerosis Society on 27 April before completing a season at New York's 59E59 club from 17 May to 13 June.

WHO VILLAINS UNITE! What a combo! Further to DWM 337 Kate O'Mara was joined on her tour in Noel Coward's *The Marquise by Michael Jayston* as Estaban, Dennis Lill as Raoul plus Jenny Tomasin.

NEW WHO CREW UPDATE Broadcast of Russell T Davies' ITV1 Swansea-set drama *Mine All Mine* has been postponed to the autumn and in an unusual twist the series has received additional funding from BBC Worldwide, the first time the BBC's commercial arm has backed an ITV drama. **Mark Gatiss** is to feature in new six-part Radio 4 science fiction sitcom, *Nebulous*, playing the head of an eco-troubleshooting team in 2099 which locks horns with arch rival Dr Klench, alias Unbound Doctor, **David Warner**. It is set to air from 30 December and is directed by Big Finish stalwart **Nicholas Briggs**. Gatiss will also feature in *The League of Gentlemen* movie, set to be filmed later this year.

ELEVENTH HOUR FOR GALLAGHER ITV1 has commissioned Stephen Gallagher to script a £4.5 million four-part science fiction thriller in 90-minute episodes titled *Eleventh Hour* for shooting in late summer with a view to broadcast at the end of 2004 or early 2005.

OBITUARY Sheila Camfield, the wife of esteemed Doctor Who director Douglas, who as an actor appeared in Doctor Who under her maiden name Sheila Dunn, died on 3 March. Best known for her role as Petra Williams in *Inferno*, she was also Blossom Lefavre in *The Daleks' Master Plan: The Feast of Steven* and a Phone Operator and a Computer Voice in *The Invasion*. Any donations should be sent to the Actor's Benevolent Fund or the National Trust via 020 8774 1125.

JOHN NATHAN-TURNER'S FIRST STORY AS PRODUCER COMES TO BBC DVD

LEISURE TIME!

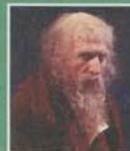
The 1980 story *The Leisure Hive* has been confirmed for Region 2 DVD release on July 5. The four-part story, the first to be produced by John Nathan-Turner, will come with a number of extra features.

Actress Lalla Ward (Romana) joins director Lovett Bickford and script editor

Christopher H Bidmead for the commentary session, while other features include *A New Beginning*, a new documentary directed by

Ed Stradling, in which the story's cast and crew recall the changes made to the show by the new producer; *From Avalon to Argolis*, which includes interviews with writer David Fisher and Christopher H Bidmead; *Leisure Wear*, an interview with costume designer June Hudson; *Synthesizing Starfields*, in which graphic designer Sid Sutton and composer Peter Howell discuss the title sequence first seen in this story; a *Blue Peter* extract which includes John Nathan-Turner's first TV interview and a look at the Longleat Doctor Who exhibition; plus an isolated music score, photo gallery, production notes and Easter egg.

The final Doctor Who story in regular production, 1989's *Ghost Light*, has also been confirmed for DVD release in September.



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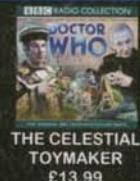
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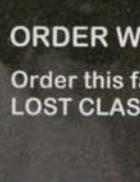
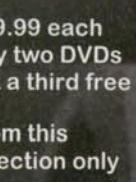
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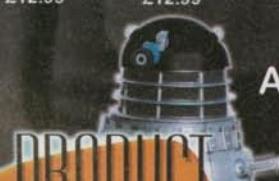
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EDITOR'S LETTER

I'm starting to think that people actually read these editorials, at least judging by the response to my plea for niceness and a general all-round lack-of-insane-behaviour a couple of issues ago. Plus Tom always does a very nice job in my absence, so maybe I should stop leaving these things til the last minute and take a bit more time over them. What's that, Tom? This has to be at the printers in an hour? Ah, the best laid plans of mice and specialist TV tie-in magazine editors...

Well it's been all go for me over the past few months: living it up at conventions in LA and Liverpool; negotiating for telesnaps; planning for DWM's 25th anniversary; interviewing Doctor Who; dusting my flat...

Yes, that's right, I interviewed Doctor Who – as you may have guessed from the lovely front cover, and that big old article which starts on page 10 – and it was before all those johnny-come-lately BBC Breakfast oiks jumped on the bandwagon, too! I should have thought to tutor Chris on how to say 'Sontaran' but oddly it just didn't crop up. (He did ask if Doctor number two was pronounced Trow-ton or Traw-ton, but the name 'Tristram Cary' tripped off his tongue without any prompting whatsoever.)



"The name 'Tristram Cary' just tripped off Chris' tongue..."

Huge media exclusives aside, the appointment of a certain Michael Grade as the new BBC Chairman seems to have sent a few ripples of panic through Doctor Who fandom. Tom and I spent the days following this news answering a tidal wave of phone calls from nervous readers – does this mean that the new series will be cancelled before Christopher Eccleston has even set a foot in the door of BBC Wales? Well ... no. As Mr Grade himself told Radio 4, the commissioning or cancelling of individual programmes is nothing to do with the Chairman's job, so we can all rest easy. Okay, he couldn't quite bring himself to say how wonderful it was that one of the UK's top actors and one of the UK's top writers are joining forces to bring back one of the UK's top TV shows, but then again, he didn't need to. We know that already, don't we?

Before I let you all get back to flipping through the issue (and please don't do it from back to front, as it tends to ruin the comic strip cliffhangers), just a few notices. We've had a deluge of entries for the 2003 DWM Awards, but all the new Doctor kerfuffle has delayed us in counting up the results so there's still just time for you to get your poll forms in if you hurry. It's issue 338, page 43 if you want to know. Lastly, we'd be interested to know your thoughts on what you'd like to see – and what you wouldn't like to see – from DWM in its coverage of the new series. We've had a few concerned letters about spoilers and the like, but if you've got any strong opinions, do let DWM know.

Are we interactive, or what?

Clay

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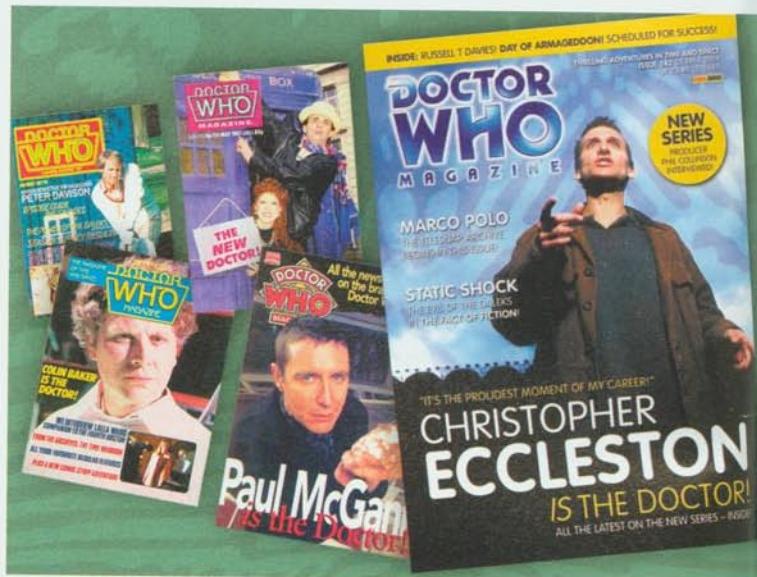
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(marked 'DWMail' in the subject line)

DWMail



Well, you've certainly been keeping the DWM postman busy this month! So, here's as many comments as we can squeeze in about Mr Eccleston ...

WELCOME, CHRISTOPHER!

What a great choice of Christopher Eccleston for the Doctor! It seemed to take many by surprise, but actually it seemed the obvious choice. Two weeks earlier, I was watching The League of Gentlemen's third series in which Eccleston makes a cameo dressed in a colourful outfit and Fedora hat looking very 'doctorish'. I remarked to my girlfriend, "He'd make a good Doctor. He's a superb actor, well-known and has appeared in Russell T Davies' The Second Coming and Mark Gatiss' The League of Gentlemen."

The new series now has all the aces. Great writers, great leading man, BBC support and a 'Buzz' that is catching the general public – not just us lot. The fact that the series is going to be filmed in and around my home, Cardiff, is an added bonus!

PHIL BROWN CARDIFF

Christopher Eccleston is a superb choice for Doctor Who. Yet before he's recorded a single scene, some fans are already whinging. Give it a rest!

JEREMY STOKES BARNSTABLE

Christopher Eccleston! Now who saw that one coming? You've got to admit it's a nice refreshing change from the names that have been doing the 'media rounds' such as Bill Nighy and David Warner, and the usual calls for Alan Rickman, John Cleese, Sting etc.

So now the negative points ... none! It's fantastic news and to get someone of the calibre of Chris Eccleston can only be good for the future of 'our little series' which we've supported through thick and thin.

I'm sure there's going to be changes that we won't like, but we'll never know if we don't give it a chance. So let's get behind it – after all, it's what we've all been waiting for!

STEVE CROFTS E-MAIL

I can't say how excited I am by the casting of Christopher Eccleston. I've always admired his acting and think it is a clear indication of the quality Russell T Davies et al are aiming for. The only really important area of production to decide upon now, is what kind of hair-do should he have?

MATTHEW STOTT E-MAIL

I just want to say congratulations to Christopher Eccleston on winning the role of the Ninth Doctor. Oh and to Russell T Davies: I'm sure you've made the right choice of actor! I expect some witty, thrilling and exciting adventures on TV from both you and the rest of the Doctor Who team. Well done!

CHARLIE KEEBLE E-MAIL

Russell T Davies as producer ... Moffat, Cornell, Shearman and Gatiss as the writers ... and now the inspired choice of Eccleston as the Doctor ... this keeps getting better and better!

NIGEL SAWYER GEORGIA, USA

Well, it's shaping up nicely isn't it? I think Mr Eccleston is a talented actor and will do a great job as the Doctor.

All those good writers, and now this! Looks like the BBC is taking it seriously, which is gratifying (and long overdue!). I also agree that we shouldn't be hung up on the old series and the old continuity. We want it to be accessible to new viewers. At the end of the day, though, the most important thing is good stories, well-told. Roll on 2005!

JAMES SLOAN E-MAIL

So... The wonderful Christopher Eccleston is to play the Ninth Doctor. Does that make *The Second Coming* either a dress-rehearsal or the screen test? It was a truly delightful day to hear pretty much everyone in the world talking about Doctor Who again!

MARK HAROLD E-MAIL

Come on Russell, admit it. You've cast Christopher Eccleston because he has an enormous Whoosher!

DAVID LAVELLE E-MAIL

Christopher Eccleston is an inspired choice. He's well-known, but not too much so. Of course, the fact he's a very good actor helps as well. And although his part in *Cracker* is well-remembered, he's done so much since that he's not forever identified with it. The public should therefore be able to take him seriously in the role, rather than the "Isn't that Jonathan Creek?" or "Wasn't he in Buffy?" factor we'd have had if certain other candidates had been cast. But give him a decent costume, guys. No question marks!

And please, Paul McGann fans, stop the backlash now before it begins. A new series for a new century needs a new lead actor for the all-important fresh start. And, after all, McGann could always pop in as a guest star if ever a 'Past Doctor' was needed ...

PHILIP MAY E-MAIL

What backlash would that be? Oh ...

THE BACKLASH BEGINS

What is the point in replacing Paul McGann? Furthermore, what is the point in replacing him with an actor who is so similar in style, age, and appearance? I'm surprised that Russell T Davies didn't cast himself – after all, there must still be some people in the world who don't know that he is 6ft 6in and gay, and this could have been his chance to spread his message.

Due to the arrogance of Davies, I won't be watching his new series, and I sincerely hope that it will be a critical and ratings failure.

Goodbye Doctor Who, and thanks for 40 great years.

CARL LIVERPOOL

Cheerio then!

WRITE ON!

Hm, not too sure about some of these writers for the new series. I was hoping the net for talent might be cast a little wider than fandom and snared some higher calibre writers such as Jimmy McGovern, Lynda La Plante, David

Renwick, Alan Bleasdale or Pip and Jane Baker.

STEPHEN ALLRIGHT E-MAIL

Thanks very much for the potted history on all five writers – they truly are a dream team! With this calibre of writers – who've all written award-winning things for television, as well as their impressive Who work – I feel very confident in all involved in crafting the good Doctor's next phase of adventures. Bravo to all concerned!

Well done also to all at DWM for persuading Russell T Davies to write a regular piece on the new production's progress. His final line, "It is beginning to begin ..." is truthful, magical and evocative.

SEAN GIBBONS E-MAIL

Which leads us neatly to ...

TAKING NOTES

Just had to say how much I enjoyed Russell T Davies' opening column (DWM 341). Without actually saying anything he still managed to reassure me – if that were needed – that the show's televisual future is in safe hands. And if his forthcoming scripts are as similarly witty, self-deprecating and downright entertaining, then 2005 promises to be a treat indeed!

DWM holds a special place in my fan-heart. And it gladdens said heart to see the magazine afforded a well-deserved 'consultancy' role to the new production. Perhaps we can all now ignore the depressingly-predictable tabloid rumours and get the real deal from Russell's – self-confessedly large – horse's mouth?

SEAN ALEXANDER HOLYHEAD

When I first saw that Russell T Davies was writing a regular column for DWM, I was a bit wary – was he going to bombard us with spoilers that ruin the show before it even arrives? Fortunately, his first column reassured me. If he only lets us have three words from the script of each episode, that's fine by me. No spoilers please.

One other thing – Russell is an avid reader of DWM, right? Which means he could be reading this right now ... Hey Russell! I suppose there will be nasty monsters in the series and innocent bystanders will be killed, right? Which means you need extras! Kill me, kill me! I'll travel to Cardiff to be killed, for free! I'm 36, fat, goated and balding – exactly the sort of person you want to destroy! Aw, come on ... kill a few fans on the show, it'll relieve the tension while you're making it! Pretty please ...?

PETER DIXON CHESTER

Wow, look at this. Immediate reaction to a new issue on the day I received it. Wonders will never cease. Just blame Russell T Davies. He told me to do it. In his column.

The news from the new Doctor Who production office is getting more and more exciting. I'm particularly looking forward to the episode featuring the Space Goat. But, unless the episode is

named on screen as Space Goat, how can we be sure we've watched the right episode? The thing about episode titles is that they're (usually) unique, and compared to an episode number they convey so much more.

If you tell your mates that 'Series 12 Episode 9' was the best episode ever, or that you can remember watching 'Series 1 Episode 40' while you were having your nappy changed on the living room carpet, who will know what you're talking about? But if you remind your aged uncle about *The Tenth Planet*, he may well remember early Cybermen, last hurrah for Billy, and Anneke Wills looking ever-so sexy. (Phwoar!) But I digress.

Your memory much more readily supplies a link to the images of a story when supplied with a title than with an episode number. So I say go for episode titles and worry if *Revenge of the Space Goat* sounds silly later.

PETER KESSLER HERNE BAY

Since Russell T Davies asked us for our opinions, I don't think it really matters if the new series has on-screen titles (that said, if someone is briefed to include that element in the opening titles, surely it should be their job to make it work!), but please, for the sanity of us all, make sure they have proper titles, whether or not they actually appear on screen. In years to come, it'll be exceedingly tiresome to have to refer to them using Friends-style titles (*The One With The Moxx of Balloon*) and it'll end up being very inelegant on the eventual DVD release. Does Russell want his own equivalent of *Pyramids of Mars* to be officially catalogued by the Pixleys of this world as Episode 12 or whatever?

Still, at the very worst, this business will provide us with another few decades of arguing over exactly what things should be called! Best of luck with the new series and all that.

BOB HUNTER GRIMSBY

MY LIFE IS COMPLETE!

The Complete First Doctor for £5.99? Bargain! I'd pay £5.99 for Phillip MacDonald's enquiring, investigative essay alone. I'd have paid £5.99 for any one of the dozens of glorious photos. I'd have paid £5.99 for the fact that there was going to be a story featuring an evil-twin Barbara ruling a planet of women! (We was robbed! Jackie Hill would have been amazing!)

In fact, where do I send my cheques for all these further £5.99s? The same place I send my form nominating Andrew Pixley for an OBE, I presume?

CHRIS WINWOOD E-MAIL

Well, since Clay's not looking, make 'em payable to Mr T Spilsbury at the editorial address please. Ta.

WATCH WITH MUMMY

I'd like to thank Vanessa Bishop for her lovely comments about *Oh Mummy* in her review of the *Pyramids of Mars* DVD. Producing something for a Doctor Who DVD release is one thing; to have

IN DWM 344

WHAT A MARVEL!



It's DWM's 25th anniversary this year, and to celebrate our silver jubilee, we're having a big chocolate cake. Oh, and also a three-part feature in which Marcus Hearn turns back the pages to tell the warts-and-all history of *Doctor Who Magazine*. Marvel-lous!

SATURDAY NIGHT!

Andrew Pixley sits through the football results and Basil Brush, and tries to recapture that special feeling of 'Saturday-ness' in the fourth part of *Scheduled for Success*!

THE EYES HAVE IT!

The Doctor and friends enter the Cave of Five Hundred Eyes as *Marco Polo* continues in the Telesnap Archive ...

PLUS!

Part Two of *Sins of the Fathers*; The Time Team battle a Giant Robot; News from Russell T Davies in Production Notes; And all the usual nonsense from Doctor Who-land!

On sale 27 May from WHSmith and all good newsagents!

it so gushingly adored is quite something else. Thank you.

Something that was unfortunately overlooked in said review, but which shouldn't be underestimated, is the effort and work put into the project by the producer and director Matt West. His enthusiasm and editing skills, and more importantly, his input of the "Neil!" line, helped to make this project even more fun to work on.

For those after even more, the full blood, sweat and tears story can be found at www.oh-mummy.com

ROB HAMMOND E-MAIL

WE ALSO HEARD FROM ...

RICHARD McGINLAY ("It's ironic that the recently recovered telesnaps of *Marco Polo* include the first three and the last three episodes, but not the fourth. In other words, *Polo* has a hole in the middle!"); ANDY DWELLY ("I'm curious about how Russell is going to handle the always touchy subject of balconies into the first episode."); JAMES GRIFFIN ("All good news about the writing team for the new show – but where's our Gareth Roberts?") And loads more. Until next month!



REVOLUTION

WORDS:
CLAYTON HICKMAN

PICTURE © ALISTAIR DERNIE/REX FEATURES

Sunday 28 March 2004, 5.10pm. I'm waiting for Doctor Who to phone me. I'm sitting in my flat, desperately hoping that the flashy little gizmo I bought in Dixons yesterday, which says it will record telephone conversations, but is only the size of my thumb – so how can that even be possible? – won't let me down. The phone rings. It's a friend. "Get off the line!" I holler. "Doctor Who's about to phone me!" "From space?" deadpans my now-former friend, before hanging up.

Well, wouldn't you be nervous? On Friday afternoon, Russell T Davies gave me a call, wondering what news we might like for this issue of **DWM**. "Some more story titles would be nice," I suggested. "If that would be alright ...?" "I'll have a little think," said Russell, and rang off. Ten minutes later he called back: "How would you like the first proper interview with the new Doctor?" I'm sure you can imagine my reply...

So after an anxious afternoon preparing questions, brushing-up on CVs and checking Teletext for the score of that afternoon's Manchester United v Arsenal match to gauge what sort of mood Mr Eccleston might be in ("He's a massive Man U supporter," another friend told me, "so he'll know just how mad fans can be!"), I'm anxiously waiting for the phone to ring. "He'll call you at 5pm," Russell had told me. It's now gone ten past, so I send Russell a nervous text message: "Nothing as yet. Maybe they lost the match and he's too gutted to talk about Daleks?" "Or maybe he forgot to put the clocks forward!" comes the reply. Oh no! Has British Summertime scuppered our best **DWM** exclusive for decades? The clock ticks round to 5.15.

Ring-ring. Argh! No, don't pick it up on the first ring! He'll think you're too eager! Be cool, be collected. This is his first interview about *Doctor Who*. Make him think that you, and **DWM** and *Doctor Who* fans in general are suave and sophisticated and –

Ring-ri- "Hello?"

And it's him. Christopher Eccleston. The Ninth Doctor. He sounds quiet, serious and cool-as-you-like. He speaks with a soft Mancunian accent, like Noel Gallagher after a year or two at charm school. He also sounds like he's just woken up.

"Sorry I'm late in calling. I've just woken up. We've been rehearsing really hard for this play I'm doing, *Electricity*. And I nearly forgot to put the clocks forward. Anyway, sorry."

And he's an absolute dream. I was told I'd have around ten minutes with the man himself, but more than half an hour later he's still happy to talk. And he's so prepared, so knowledgeable, so enthusiastic. I'd prepared a long list of potential questions, but he'd exhausted almost half of them just in his first answer. No mumbled 'yes's or 'maybe's – every single answer is carefully considered. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a man who genuinely cares.

Doctor Who couldn't be luckier. We couldn't be luckier. In four pages' time, I think you'll agree with me ...

THE CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON INTERVIEW

DWM: Let's start with the big question: What led you to decide "Yes – I want to be *Doctor Who*?" It's quite a departure from the sort of roles you're best known for, so I was wondering what the thinking behind it was?

Christopher Eccleston: Russell T Davies! That's the only answer, really. So in a way I followed my usual pattern of being led by the scripts. What happened was, I was out running one day and I'd read in the paper that Russell was going to do *Doctor Who*. Initially I thought 'that's a strange move for Russell', but then I thought about it: I knew he was a fan of *Doctor Who*, cos of all those references in *Queer as Folk*. I was intrigued by the depth of Russell's writing – the social concern, the intellectually challenging factor of his work. As well as being very accessible and funny, there's always something very humane about it.

So I went off for this run and I started wondering about Russell's attraction to something like *Doctor Who*. I got fixated on this Time Lord and I remember thinking 'he's always moving through time, he's never at home'. That struck me as quite sad, really, and also quite resonant for our times. Somebody who feels out of place, but also seems to care about human life. I thought about that quite a lot – that melancholy side to him. And then, that night, I happened to watch *Blade Runner* for the first time in my life. It was the Director's Cut, and although I'd seen the film, I'd never properly watched it, and I was very, very affected by it.

"I SENT RUSSELL AN E-MAIL ASKING HIM TO CONSIDER ME AS THE NEXT DOCTOR WHO"

The League of Gentlemen: How the Elephant Got Its Trunk (2002)



Strumpet (2001)

to be associated with a 'brand name' that early in my career. But this time I felt experienced enough, and I felt that my career was strong enough to withstand an association like this, which can – and let's be honest here – rule you out of other parts.

But I felt that I'd now done enough to be able to surmount that, and I also felt strongly enough about Russell's writing. I do feel, whatever happens with me, and whoever my assistant is, that the artistic touchstone of this series is going to be Russell. He's great fun, both in his writing and in his personality. And though he takes his work very seriously, he doesn't take himself seriously at all.

It's going to be a tough shoot. You know – seven months! Tough work, and I'd sooner do it with someone who's going to take the mickey out of me, than be all pompous or pretentious about it. I do think that as well Doctor Who's curiosity and his fun, we'll also be addressing his loneliness and his place as an outsider.

Most of your previous roles have been very real, down-to-earth, human characters. And now, of course, you're going to be playing a man who isn't even a human being! Is that a big challenge?

Well, there's a vital thing in the first script, when we look at Doctor Who inside the TARDIS. Russell has written in the stage directions that the key thing about this man is how much he loves what he does, with an absolute relish for adventure. And that will be there, but I also hope at times that we'll get a chance to think about what it's like to be him and why he cares. Why does he care so much about humanity?

He's the idealistic, humane alien, isn't he? And this must be something to do with his desire to belong. That's what I think, anyway.

It sounds as though you're coming to the part with quite a clear idea of the character ...

Well on an instinctive level, yeah. Just starting with the Time Lord thing of this guy falling through time endlessly, and we never see him at rest or at peace. We never see him in his domestic life, with his feet up. He's always questing, questing, questing, moving on, on, on, forever and ever and ever.

You seem to have a real feel for the Doctor, so did you watch Doctor Who when you were younger?

As a child, yeah. I remember Patrick Troughton. I found him compelling, and a little bit frightening. I hope that I'm going to go back to that era a little bit, and give a weight and an ambiguity to it. But 'my' Doctors were Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker, and I loved them both in different ways. I've got very fond memories of Jon Pertwee, and I've bumped into his son, Sean, a few times at auditions. I thought Pertwee was fantastic, as I did Tom Baker.

Jon Pertwee's stories were often about weird things coming to Earth, and monsters appearing in everyday places – not dissimilar, in fact, to your work on The Second Coming in which strange things happen against a very real backdrop.

It's funny, because I don't remember the details of the stories so much. The thing which sticks out for me is the Doctor himself and the mystery of, you know, who is he? Where does he come from? What's he thinking? What does he feel? How does he feel? He's got two hearts, so does that mean he cares twice as much? [laughs]

Are you tempted to have a look at any of the old episodes, or would you

ON #9 CLESTON INTERVIEW

The whole thing you get with Rutger Hauer's character longing to be human, and all the stuff about whether Harrison Ford's character is human or not. I thought that was very moving, and in some ways it complemented what I'd been thinking about the life of a Time Lord.

So I e-mailed Russell with my thoughts about it. I don't actually know Russell that well, though we had a great rapport on *The Second Coming*, but we're not big pals, and we don't go out drinking together – though I hope that we will now! So I sent this e-mail to him about all the things I've just said, and afterwards I felt quite pretentious about sending it ... as I do now talking about it! On the last line of the e-mail I put a PS – just on instinct, really – saying 'If you're ever auditioning for Doctor Who, can you put me on the list?' He never replied to say whether or not he thought the e-mail was pretentious, but he did say 'Of course I will. Of course I'll consider you.' That was at the end of last year, and now, of course, it's happened!

So you actually put yourself forward for the role?

I did in a way, because of Russell T Davies really. But years ago, when they did the film, I was asked by my agent whether I'd want to audition. I said no, very strongly, because I felt then that I wasn't established enough, and I didn't want



rather base your performance on gut instinct and the scripts themselves?

I'll be going on gut instinct. What I will be looking at is the actual history of the series. I'm interested in the times it came from, and Doctor Who emerged when Wilson was talking about the 'white heat of technology' as the industrial revolution in Britain reached its great apex. Then you had massive social changes and Kennedy's assassination and Heath's movement towards more left-wing feelings. So I'm interested in that. I will be looking at the Doctor Who 'bible' that Russell's told me about. I've asked him to get that to me so I'll know all the basic stuff about his origins, but I won't be looking at other episodes, no. It's not something that'll help me.

I think during the 1980s each new Doctor was practically forced to watch old stories as if to say 'copy this', so it's good to hear that you want to take your own path!

They'd have trouble forcing me! [laughs]

What you said about the changing times that originally gave birth to Doctor Who seems to have a real resonance in the tumultuous world of the twenty-first century. Do you think that with all the worry over wars and terrorist attacks, the public is once again more receptive to Doctor Who's brand of escapism?

It seems to me that we're now in a much darker, more dangerous world, and escapism is absolutely essential. I know Russell is a great fan of that – the idea of people being able to switch off at the end of the day and escape. But if we're going to be talking to quite a young audience, we have to touch on these big things and have a resonance to real life. And I just don't think you could find anybody better than Russell T Davies to do that, as *Queer as Folk*, *Bob and Rose* and *The Second Coming* illustrate.

I guess that leads on to the question of how you feel about becoming a hero to a whole new generation of children ...

Oh God! [laughs]

No pressure, obviously! But is that something that appeals to you?

Well if you look back at my TV and film work, the main concern for me has really been a 'social conscience', as I was raised with one by my parents. I've always felt as a viewer I don't want to be patronised, I want to be respected. I want the programme-makers to feel that I'm as intelligent as they are. So I feel I have an opportunity to do that with Doctor Who. I mean if Jimmy McGovern had been writing Doctor Who I'd be interested. If Russell T Davies was writing Doctor Who I'd be interested, or Peter Flannery ... you know what I mean? But I wouldn't have done it just for the money and the career leap, because if it's not gonna be good, I don't want to know.

I don't want to be involved in something that's just spooky escapism. Of course I want that to be there, but I also want there to be an emotional weight to it. Tremendous fun, yes, but I want it to touch people in the way that *Hillsborough*, *Our Friends in the North*, *Flesh and Blood* and *The Second Coming* seemed to touch people.

Were you 'warned', so to speak, before you signed on the dotted line, that there would be such huge press interest in your casting, or that you're likely

"I DON'T WANT IT TO BE JUST SPOOKY ESCAPISM – IT HAS TO TOUCH PEOPLE'S HEARTS"

to be besieged by fans at the stage door of the West Yorkshire Playhouse? There's really no other role like Doctor Who on television, so are you prepared for such intense interest?

I'm quite good at looking after myself! I'll always try to be polite, but I can also draw a line and I will keep my identity and Doctor Who's identity very separate. I wasn't 'warned', but I was aware when I went for negotiations with the BBC over finances that I would actually be the one who would take on all that recognition, which isn't what I became an actor for, really. I became an actor to be a craftsman, to be as good an actor as I can. But I think I'm old enough and mature enough to handle that. It isn't something I completely relish, because it's nice to have your privacy, and it's nice to go out and be able to do what you like. However, if you're gonna put yourself in people's lives so boldly, you have to – to a certain extent – deal with that. And I will do. I will do.

But it's also very nice, in a way. I've had the experience in my career, where if you do something that touches the audience's hearts or minds – good stuff, you know – they'll treat you quite respectfully, they'll thank you for it, and then they'll let you go. And it's very nice to be thanked and have your work appreciated. When you start doing really low-brow stuff it slightly changes their attitude to you, and people are more suspicious and think you're doing it a bit more for the money.

Tom Baker often said that playing Doctor Who gave him an invulnerability to public hostility – people wanted to come up and shake the Doctor's hand, rather than harangue him in the street.

Oh yeah, and I've had that myself with other things. Like Russell, I'm a huge fan of television, and I really took on board Dennis Potter's ideas about television, with it being the place where the nation talks to itself; a popular, quality medium for debate and feeling and entertainment. That's what we have an opportunity with here.

You've appeared in a lot of big-budget movies, and experienced the whole Hollywood ethos, so is there a huge difference between working on American films and working on an ongoing TV series in Britain?

I like the pace of television, as long as it doesn't become idiotic and you try to cram too much in. I think that sort of energy is good, and I also like the immediacy of the reaction you get from an audience. I'm also very bound up with my own country's culture. I find that on films there's sometimes a lot of money around, and that changes people's behaviour – you end up with people

doing it for the wrong reasons. Sometimes in films, for my money, there can be an over-reliance on the visuals and not enough emphasis on character and emotion. Television, because it doesn't have the scale of film, has to concentrate more on character, which is why I'm more comfortable with television.

I mean, we're going to be doing very very bold visual things with *Doctor Who*, but I've always maintained that those things only register with an audience if they are supported by human feeling and interaction.

Rather than just being a big glossy spectacle with no heart?

Exactly. I mean, I've never walked out of a cinema and had somebody say to me "What a fantastic tracking shot!" Ever. [laughs] Well, apart from directors, but by then I've fallen asleep! If you think about *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and all the massive visual effects in that film, the thing people tend to remember is when the guy starts swinging his sword around and Harrison Ford just shrugs, pulls out his gun, and shoots him! And that comes entirely from character. Audiences go to the cinema and turn on the television to look into people's souls. That's basically what they're looking for, human feelings and emotions. The rest, really, is icing. Daleks and all that, is really just icing.

Harking back to something Tom Baker once, rather astutely, observed, in that *Doctor Who* can be watched on many levels – from the youngest child hiding from the monsters, right up to the adults being catered for with, perhaps, social satire. And all that tied up in an exciting adventure story. That's absolutely right. As a child I was absolutely fascinated by the episode where we saw what was inside a Dalek. I'm going from memory, but this great, cold, steel instrument of destruction, all that casing, all that armour, is actually to protect this very vulnerable, strange, frightened creature. So yeah, you can think about that on different levels, and think about what it is that actually frightens us. It's good to be aware of that stuff, but the kids can also just take it as read that the Daleks are scary!

Would you like to be able to contribute to be the 'look' of your Doctor? Or are costume and design not things that you're very interested in?

Oh, I am very interested! I am of the



The Second Coming (2013)

belief that a good designer or a good director allows an actor to choose his costume, and if you've chosen the actor cleverly then the actor will come up with something suitable. Because, after all, the only person who'll be thinking about *Doctor Who* as much as me is Russell. I think there'll be a great deal of collaboration between me and Russell about what he's going to look like, and I think we're both on the same page.

All I can say at the moment is that I'll know what's right and I'll know

what's wrong. But big scarves and all that are not going to be the way for me. You just have to feel comfortable as an actor, you know, so it'll be for the twenty-first century, and I would hope that it'll be a case of 'less is more'.

Given that the Doctor is rather aristocratic – albeit the black sheep of the family – and has been brought up in a very privileged society of 'Lords', and given that many of your roles have been 'working class heroes', was there some part of you that thought 'Actually, I quite fancy playing a bit of posh'? Hm, yeah. I suppose we're getting into 'accent' areas and stuff like that now. With the 'Lord' thing, that's interesting, because I'd never really thought about it in the social context before, just more in a sci-fi context. I hadn't thought about applying the class rules to the Doctor. I would just hope that whatever comes out of my mouth can't be attributed, one way or another, to any sort of

social class. Does that make sense? So I don't think he's going to be posh, but neither do I think he's going to be Jimmy Porter! [laughs]

How did your friends and family take the news that you were going to be the new *Doctor Who*? Did the cast at the West Yorkshire Playhouse hum the theme tune to you when you came into work the next day?

Haha! It's all been very moving to be honest. I've got a lot of close friends and a very close family, and they were so pleased for me. And when people you love are that pleased, it's just wonderful, you know. Especially in the times we're living in at the moment, to see so many people happy was great. I spoke to Russell about it and he said that's exactly how it's been for him. There's a tremendous amount of goodwill aimed at this series, perhaps because, to a certain generation, it harks back to more innocent times. And that's how I feel about it.

My brothers were aware that I was auditioning, and the three of us used the watch the programme together when we were younger. So when I finally got the part and we'd finished negotiations, I bought a CD of Tristram Cary's music, and I phoned Alan. He said 'Hello' and I said 'Hello' and then I just played the theme tune down the phone to him! [laughs] And I did that to my other brother as well, and they were just stunned. And I've had so many phone messages from mates all round Britain, all drunk as monkeys, doing the theme tune for me!

It's been absolutely joyous. And now what we have to do – me, Russell and the whole team – is deliver on that goodwill. I won't be speaking much about *Doctor Who* until the programmes are made and I've either got something to crow about or something to leave the country about! The most important thing for me at the moment is Electricity, the play I'm doing at the West Yorkshire Playhouse, so I won't start on the series until July, but I'm so excited. Russell is a really nice fella, and in an industry that sometimes has people who are a bit phoney and in it for the wrong reasons, Russell's something of a hero of mine.



"WE HAVE TO DELIVER ON ALL THE GOODWILL THIS SERIES HAS GOT FROM THE PUBLIC"

So I really want to deliver for Russell. And for the fans. I want them to be able to have a *Doctor Who* who can stand up among all the great men who have gone before me.

To finish, one of those classic questions every new *Doctor Who* must be asked, by law – if you had your own TARDIS, where would you want to go in it?

Haha! God ... Hm. This might sound a bit odd ... I think I'd like to go back to 1964, when I was born. And maybe re-experience the environment that I was born into. Then you're in the times when the Doctor first appeared. I think, rather than seeing the Battle of Hastings or Waterloo, I'd rather see how far we've come in an unbelievably short time. I think we'd all like to have a poke around in our own lifetime. But ask me when we've finished filming and I might have a different answer!

DW11
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COMING UP...



RELEASED MAY 2004

Featuring The Sixth Doctor and Evelyn
Enemies The Killorans – ultimately ...

Setting The world of Világ

You'll like this if you like ...

Interference, The Armageddon Factor, Crime & Punishment, High Victorian poetry – and Star Wars: A New Hope

Listen out for The Killorans' arrival
Recorded 19-20 February 2004

The Doctor Colin Baker

Evelyn Smythe Maggie Stables

Governor Rossiter Gabriel Woolf

Plenipotentiary Suskind Philip Bretherton

Paramount Minister Mortund Geoffrey Leesley

Princess Krisztina Katarina Olsson

Corporal Reid Lewis Rae

Commander Pokol Kraig Thornber

Post-Production, Sound Design

& Music Steve Foxon

Director Gary Russell

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WAR

AN AUDIO ADVENTURE BY PAUL SUTTON PREVIEW BY MARK WYMAN

The Sixth Doctor and Evelyn have left the Forge behind, but the events of Project: Lazarus are still reverberating. When a distressed Evelyn requests some time alone, the Doctor lands on the world called Világ. Here, the kingdoms of Galen and Malendia are in the process of being unified, which should provide a safe haven from crises and conflict for a while.

But does it? Certainly not: the Doctor and Evelyn's arrival soon has its own consequences. Separately, and perhaps unwisely, they become close associates of major figures in Világ ... But what dangerous liaisons will arise there? Which forms of conflict are waiting in the wings? Given the Doctor's knowledge of the challenge facing Világ, will his fears be heeded? And which forms of love will outlast this crisis?

For once, we thought we'd let the audio Doctor who has won the highest acclaim from DWM readers set the scene himself. So here's our diplomatic correspondent, Colin Baker: "Arrangements for War takes place immediately after Project: Lazarus, when – for perhaps good reason – my dear companion Dr Evelyn Smythe is still distressed at the Doctor's 'inhuman' reaction to that story's concluding events. So the Doctor is trying, in effect, to bring her round: to show that he's not heartless, but can't go back changing things because he doesn't like the way they are. To give her time for reflection, he finds a planet where she can wander round chatting to people for a few days. However, he knows that aliens will be attacking the planet a few weeks later ... and meanwhile, by being there, both the Doctor and Evelyn are

responsible for changing things anyway. This is a story about consequences, and taking responsibility for your actions, but it's also about – whisper it gently – love. It involves paternal, fraternal and romantic love. It isn't something very often allowed into Doctor Who."

So how did Paul Sutton, first-time writer of Arrangements for War, come to pen this tale of death, diplomacy – and real affection? Sutton's career background is in education. Currently doing English language teaching, he once wrote voiceover scripts for multimedia software aimed at American High Schools. These had an animated alien



"THE STORY BECOMES A BATTLE BETWEEN DUTY AND EMOTION."

Katarina Olsen explains the dilemma for her character, Princess Krisztina.

character on-screen as the math [sic] pupil. "It was all quite cheesy really, but I learned a fair bit of maths," recalls Sutton of that time. "In 2000 I was working in Dublin for an online games company, writing short stories and backgrounds for fantasy characters. I sent in an idea to Big Finish about Irish mythology, after an open submission request on their website. This was the subject I was writing about all day every day. Gary Russell sent a short handwritten note saying, 'Nice, and cheers, but no thanks.'"

When the invitation for Excelis submissions appeared, Sutton sent in an idea for the Colin Baker part. "I eventually heard from Gary, but it was to say the choice of writers had long been made. Then in late February 2003, I left Ireland and moved to Hungary. I wasn't expecting to hear any more, but around July 2003, another round of submissions was invited. So I wrote another proposal, this time ripping off *Crime and Punishment* with a historical set in Central Europe. A fortnight later I got a wonderful e-mail from Gary saying that he'd been trying since that March to contact me about having a stab at an open slot for 2004. I guess he must have liked something from the other proposals!"

"Apparently, the *Crime and Punishment* proposal was embedded in the slush pile until Gary caught sight of a weird stamp on one of the envelopes: who on earth was listening to Big Finish CDs in Hungary? Well, his e-mail said my *Crime and Punishment* idea had too many elements

up a wonderful huge brick of a book called *A Suitable Boy* by Vikram Seth. It's about, among other things, arranged marriages. So my basic starting point was the idea for the very end of the story: I think the last scene was actually the very first thing I wrote."

Did his producer-director need to be persuaded over the romantic aspects of the story? "It was first and foremost a love story in my mind, while Gary needed something to follow up the emotions flying around at the end of *Project: Lazarus*. We did have a slight argument about the Doctor using the word 'love' in reference to his companions. I put it in the first draft, and Gary cut it saying it would tread on the toes of the Eighth Doctor/Charley arc. Coincidentally, I was reading Part II of Lawrence Miles' *Interference*. There's a wonderful exchange between the Eighth Doctor and Sam. I think she says she loves him and he says, looking away without returning her embrace, 'You know, I think I know exactly what you mean by that.' Of course, Gary was absolutely right: if the Eighth Doctor says stuff like that – and perfectly in character – the Sixth could hardly go blurting it out all over the shop, could he?"

During the recording, Lewis Rae (Cpl Reid) pointed out that this story has a flavour of the first *Star Wars* film: there's

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

MAY

MONDAY 3

Novel Doctor Who: The Eleventh Tiger by David A McIntee [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki] BBC Books

CD Doctor Who: The Wheel in Space by David Whitaker and Kit Pedler [Second Doctor, Jamie and Zoe] BBC Radio Collection

SATURDAY 8

TV Doctor Who: Image of the Fendahl by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor and Leela] UK Gold

SUNDAY 9

TV Doctor Who: The Sun Makers by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9] UK Gold

MONDAY 10

DVD Doctor Who: The Green Death by Robert Sloman [Third Doctor, Jo and UNIT] BBC Worldwide

SATURDAY 15

TV Doctor Who: Underworld by Bob Baker and Dave Martin [Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9] UK Gold

SUNDAY 16

TV Doctor Who: The Ribos Operation by Robert Holmes [Fourth Doctor, Romana and K9] UK Gold

SATURDAY 22

TV Doctor Who: The Invasion of Time by David Agnew [Fourth Doctor, Leela and K9] UK Gold

SUNDAY 23

TV Doctor Who: The Pirate Planet by Douglas Adams [Fourth Doctor, Romana and K9] UK Gold

THURSDAY 27

DWM Issue 344 on sale Panini Comics

SATURDAY 29

TV Doctor Who: The Stones of Blood by David Fisher [Fourth Doctor, Romana and K9] UK Gold

SUNDAY 30

TV Doctor Who: The Androids of Tara by David Fisher [Fourth Doctor, Romana and K9] UK Gold

ALSO THIS MONTH

Audio Drama Doctor Who:

Arrangements for War by Paul Sutton [Sixth Doctor and Evelyn] Big Finish

Audio Drama

Gallifrey: The Inquiry by Justin Richards [Romana, Leela and K9] Big Finish £9.99

Short Story

Collection Doctor Who: Short Trips – Life Science edited by John Binns Big Finish Books £14.99

JUNE

MONDAY 7

Novel Doctor Who: The Tomorrow Windows by Jonathan Morris [Eighth Doctor, Fitz and Trix] BBC Books

MP3 CD Doctor Who: Death Comes to Time by Colin Meek [Seventh Doctor] BBC Radio Collection

THURSDAY 24

DWM Issue 345 on sale Panini Comics

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

"THE STORY INVOLVES PATERNAL, FRATERNAL AND ROMANTIC LOVE."

Colin Baker reveals that *Arrangements for War* is not your 'usual' Doctor Who ...



coinciding with *Master* (released later in 2003). But did I fancy having another crack? I said 'yes please' and sent him a zombie story, which he didn't like, then another called *Arrangements for War*, and straight away began yet another, in case he didn't like that either." Linguistically, Hungarian does make an appearance in the final story with such terms as Világ, which means 'world', Kozépén, meaning 'in the middle', and Pokol, whose name translates as 'hell'. Sutton says he hasn't used his current home, Budapest, to flavour the story, yet the Hungarian capital's famous public baths do appear ... But we're getting things out of order.

"I remember Gary's first e-mail about *Arrangements* exactly," Sutton continues. "He said, 'That proposal didn't make me go "wow" but I did go "hmmmm". But it needs something else, as a Sixth Doctor/Evelyn story.' My proposal was non-Doctor specific: the story was OK but nothing happened in Episode One – they were all just sitting around in a pub! He also pointed out what I'd missed concerning the dynamics between characters: I'd had Evelyn wasting lots of time when she should have got straight in there with Rossiter. I ditched the pub setting, added a violent demonstration, paired-up Evelyn and Rossiter, and sent off the revised proposal – and Gary phoned me saying, 'When can you get me a draft script?'"

Did Sutton know what style of story he wanted to achieve in *Arrangements* from the start? "I guess many writers are largely influenced by what they happen to be reading at the time. I'd been reading *Crime and Punishment*, of course, and secondly for the zombie idea I'd been re-reading *White Darkness*, the early 1990s New Adventure. After that I'd picked

a Princess, her humble suitor, featureless aliens attacking ... "That didn't occur to me," says Sutton, "but I imagine Krisztina as having far more sensible hair."

Speaking of whom: "I play the Princess of a country which is usually at war with a neighbour, and she's being forced into an arranged marriage to form an alliance," says Katarina Olsson. "As the story unfolds it becomes a battle between duty and emotion. She has a previous engagement, so to speak." Along the way Krisztina becomes closely linked to the Doctor. "Yes, he gets embroiled in the scenario, trying to assist in making it right for all concerned. I first found out about these productions through my Spotlight photographer, Lisa Bowerman (aka Professor Bernice Summerfield). We hit it off at the shoot and she suggested I audition. It's a very jolly experience!"

Meanwhile, making a long-overdue return to Doctor Who is the one-time embodiment of Sutekh, Gabriel Woolf. Contrary to expectations you might have from *Pyramids of Mars*, Woolf in person turns out to be one of the quietest actors DWM has met in a Big Finish studio. But then, his role here is nothing like a vengeful Osirian, as he told us. "Rossiter is Governor of one of the three states on this continent, and he gets involved with Evelyn. She lands in his domain, as it were, and he becomes very fond of her ... I hadn't realised how important Sutekh had become in world terms: I was living and working quite happily until the DWAS tracked me down last year," he says, with great good humour. "Now I'd thought that Bernard Archard was the most frightening thing in *Pyramids*, then the mummies second, and me third. But they asked me to go to a signing, and then a convention, and then this came up. I had no idea of all this creativity until I did my first signing and saw there were spin-offs in a hundred directions – it's fantastic."

We return you now to Colin Baker. "This story is bittersweet and rather charming, with some admirable characters – a Princess who you'd want to have as your friend, and you'd want to have Rossiter on your side too. The villains are political people doing what they think is right. Katarina's portrayal of the princess is quite delightful – I worked with her briefly in *Davros*, but she didn't have an opportunity to shine there. I've admired Philip Bretherton for many years – he has a wonderful smooth charm and gives a great performance. Finally, of course, it's always a joy to work with Maggie, because Evelyn and the Sixth Doctor are just made for each other."

DWM

"The Rani is a genius. Shame I can't stand her..."

Twenty years after *The Mark of the Rani* was made, it's strange to realise how much more distant from British life its depiction of a mining community would seem if a remake happened today. For when Pip and Jane Baker delivered their draft scripts in February 1984, a long and bitter miners' strike was about to start, which was not called off until a month after their story was broadcast, in February 1985. Even allowing for the huge advances made since George Stephenson's time in underground safety and techniques, its opening shots of honest workers who have toiled at the coal-face would have had a far greater resonance in the 1980s. There were still 170 collieries in operation around Britain before the strike. By the end of 2004, there will be less than 10 nationwide: even in Wales, land of *The Green Death*, the valleys have just one working colliery left.

When *The Monster of Peladon*'s broadcast seemed to coincide with the 1974 miners' strike which largely brought down one Conservative government, it caused a certain level of excited debate about the production team's ability to include political context within Doctor Who. A decade later, two writers who had initially met through Labour Party activism in West London in the 1950s made their Doctor Who débüt – with a story which, while rich in industrial history, coincided with the industrial action which ultimately reinforced Margaret Thatcher's government. And who was the new villain of their story? A callous woman of great intellect, a disdainful and argumentative chemist: it was not surprising that some people saw echoes of Mrs Thatcher (who had degrees in chemistry and law) in the Rani. Indeed, when Jane Baker went to see her own GP in spring 1985, she found to her surprise that he was a Doctor Who enthusiast who, having viewed *The Mark of the Rani*, was convinced that they had based Kate O'Mara's character on the then-Prime Minister. This doctor apparently left his waiting room abandoned in his excitement at being able to discuss this with one of the Rani's creators.

To the Bakers, however, these were mere coincidences. They claimed that the Rani/Thatcher parallels never struck them, yet as co-chairmen of the TV and Film Committee of the Writers' Guild, they were effectively trade-union leaders themselves. They found themselves having to rebuff accusations from within their own industry of intending to stir up trouble or support the miners with their Doctor Who script.

Quite what the Luddites, insofar as they existed as a recognisable movement, would have made of this is anyone's guess. In their time they had some support from Lord Byron, who spoke out in the House of Lords and wrote his own stanzas in celebration. But a better song had already been composed by 1812, celebrating "General Ludd's triumph", which included the stirring lines:

These Engines of mischief were sentenced to die;

By unanimous vote of the Trade;

And Ludd, who can all opposition defy,

Was the grand Executioner made.

In the same month that *The Mark of the Rani* was aired, with 50% of its running-time made up of elegiac filmed footage, Michael Grade made his executive (or executioner's) decision about Doctor Who's future. Initially this seemed destined to consign the series itself to history, and its reprieve resulted in it being produced using resources that made glossy film shoots a thing of the past. It would be over 10 years before the so-called Byronic figure of the Eighth Doctor stood before the film cameras in Vancouver.

MARK WYMAN



"ROCKED" The Mark

KEY

- TITLE
- TECHNICAL
- SOURCES
- SHOOTING
- EDITING
- CONNECTIONS
- SCRIPT
- VILLAINS
- MONSTERS
- CAST & CREW
- TARGET BOOKS
- OOOPS!
- SPECULATION

Part One

"The Mark of the Rani": the Master quotes the full title admiringly. It refers to the potentially fatal blemish left by the Rani on her victims' neck tissue. This choice of affected flesh strongly echoes the neck wounds left by Count Dracula and other figures in vampire mythology. In the 1935 film *Mark of the Vampire* Bela Lugosi played Count Mora, implicated in one such vampire attack with his equally sinister daughter Luna. The title also recalls the centuries-old superstitions about people bearing 'the mark of the Beast' in some form, as prophesied in the biblical Book of Revelation.

At an archaic coalmine, grimy miners are finishing their shift. Jack Ward [Peter Childs] parts from colleague Tim Bass [William Ilkley] outside the tavern. Ward goes instead to the village bathhouse with colleagues Edwin Green [Hus Levent] and Sam Rudge [Kevin White]. A stooping grey-clad crone promises them hot, clean water. But once inside, clouds of gas overcome the exhausted trio.

The geographical setting is only fleetingly specified, later in the broadcast. However, the miners' regional accent – or perhaps its softened TV version – indicates the area as being northeast England. Much as Frazer Hines spoke of using a 'TV Scots' brogue as Jamie McCrimmon, the actors are using a generic 'TV Geordie' to indicate we

OF FICTION



T MAN” of the Rani

are near Newcastle-upon-Tyne (Peter Childs' intonation was not, however, regarded as wholly accurate by locals). This area's coal-mining history precedes the Industrial Revolution – in the thirteenth Century King Henry III granted a charter to Newcastle's townsmen for the raising of coals as fuel. So closely was it linked with coal production that the idea of taking fuel to sell there became a simile for an absurd endeavour, hence ‘taking coals to Newcastle’. Here, the miners are seen pushing full wagons along colliery tracks: while the pit's winding machinery towers over them, there is no sign of mechanised transport.

When Ward speaks of being too tired to “lift a Toby”, he is declining to have a beer with Bass. A Toby jug is a ceramic drinking vessel in the shape of a seated, rotund man, often depicted holding a beer-glass. It was popularised in England after the 1761 song ‘The Brown Jug’, about a heavy drinker called Toby. That Bass suggests they enter the tavern may be a joke: his surname has been linked with brewing beer since 1777, when William Bass opened his first English brewery.

This was the first Doctor Who commission for married scriptwriting team Pip and Jane Baker, who would contribute over 20% of the Sixth Doctor's screen-time. They were developing material for a non-Who series with producer John Nathan-Turner in 1983, having befriended

‘Pip and Jane Baker hadn't intended the Rani to be purely evil ...’



The Rani (Kate O'Mara) looks ‘witchy’ in her crone disguise.

his predecessor Graham Williams. Nathan-Turner had liked a location-heavy script of theirs which was left in Williams' office. Eric Saward, as Script Editor, approached them regarding Doctor Who in September 1983.

  In the prologue to their novelisation, the scriptwriters immediately name Killingworth as the setting. Killingworth is a genuine place whose history featured at least two collieries. It lies five miles north-by-northeast of central Newcastle. The Bakers wrote that the community lay ‘in the north east of the British Isles’, but with Newcastle lying just over halfway up Great Britain's eastern seaboard, that placement would suit Scottish cities like Dundee or Aberdeen better.

  Director Sarah Hellings' experience as a location director and trained film editor encouraged Nathan-Turner to hire her. Her confident style is stamped upon these opening shots, which establish a keen sense of place, using just two lines of dialogue in the first two-and-a-quarter minutes of narrative.

Inside the TARDIS, the Doctor tells Peri – who is dressed in an ankle-length gown, and wearing her hair up – that the craft is being manoeuvred off course. He suspects another time machine is to blame.

  The Mark of the Rani had a two-week location shoot (rather than the usual one-week shoot) and in return was allowed only one studio recording block (the standard being two per 90-minute story). Regrettably, of the two TARDIS scenes recorded at TV Centre on



Sir Thomas Henry Liddell – more commonly known as Lord Ravensworth.

18 November 1984, the first – explaining both their destination and Peri's costume – proved wholly unusable, a microphone and its shadow being in-vision. With no opportunity to remount it; we join the Doctor and a formal-looking Peri during their second scene, after the diversion of the TARDIS begins.

Two humans wearing advanced gasmasks move the unconscious miners. Jack Ward's neck now bears a large crimson mark. Meanwhile the TARDIS has materialised on a slagheap: not, as Peri expected, Kew Gardens. When his hand-held tracker locates a time distortion source, the Doctor sets off.

  London's world-famous Kew Gardens would naturally attract a time-travelling botany student, but no broadcast context survived for Peri's remark. The lost TARDIS scene, as related in the WH Allen/Target book, shows Peri requesting to go there. She expects to arrive on a Royal Open Day – in the rehearsal script, she asks the Doctor if her dress is “OK for the official opening of Kew Gardens.” In the book she envisions maybe meeting King George III himself – hence her preparations. Kew Gardens became internationally significant after 1773, through George III's close co-operation with wealthy naturalist Sir Joseph Banks. But both the King and Banks died in 1820, and Kew became relatively neglected, though it remained open. So here's one quandary about dating this story: the Doctor states in the surviving TARDIS scene that “the time co-ordinates are constant – it's the location that's been changed”. If no temporal deflection has occurred, then either Peri has the wrong monarch in mind or the date is January 1820 at the latest – and by then George III was blind, deaf and demented, with his son governing as Prince Regent. Why is the dating a problem? More on that story later ...

 Costume designer Dinah Collin had previously been responsible for Earthshock's redesigned Cybermen in 1982, but was rightly known within the BBC for her period drama skills. Having dressed Tegan for Edwardian England in Enlightenment (1983), here she was costuming Peri for, broadly, the period of Jane Austen's novels. Collin later won an Emmy award for the acclaimed 1995 BBC version of Pride and Prejudice (first published in 1814), but in The Mark of the Rani no other female characters required the formal Regency England wear.

THE FACT OF FICTION

Ward, Green and Rudge are now playing boisterously. Leaving the bathhouse, the hyperactive trio violently attack a street vendor. Near the TARDIS, the Doctor notes the absence of birds. Is the field's scarecrow really so efficient? Unobserved, the scarecrow raises its head ...

These early exterior scenes with the Doctor and Peri were the first completed during the planned fortnight on location in Shropshire, on Monday 22 October 1984. Anthony Ainley was not seen in the scarecrow shots, and a double replaced him. Donnington Woods and the spoil heaps of Granville Colliery were used: these lay about six miles northeast of the main location of Ironbridge Gorge. In 1896 there were about 100 mines operating in Shropshire, yet Granville Colliery was the county's last operational deep mine when it closed in 1979. It later became a country park, thus restoring some of the biodiversity which Peri laments losing here through the destruction of hedgerows.

Ward and his cohorts attack a drayman [Martyn Whitby], wrecking his horse-drawn cargo of pit machinery. Ward's accomplices desert him as the Doctor and Peri arrive. The drayman believes the attacking miners fear mechanisation, but the Doctor is unconvinced. Ward runs off as the Doctor observes his crimson mark. The Doctor realises which 'Mr Stephenson' awaits the delivery, and offers Peri the chance to meet a genius of historical importance.

Peri invokes the story of the Good Samaritan as Ward flees. In this Christian parable from the Gospel of Luke, a man confronted by robbers is beaten and left by the roadside. Two passers-by ignore him, but the third, from Samaria, tends the man compassionately. The Doctor's attempt to aid a man lying in the ditch, despite Ward being an aggressor knocked unconscious while fighting, indicates the scene is staged to recall the parable directly. The Doctor seemingly knows when they have landed, relative to Stephenson's life, by inferring that he hasn't changed history yet. Also inferred is that viewers should recognise the significance of the name 'Stephenson' immediately.

Peri has just expressed concerns about damaging wildlife habitats. What might she make of later evidence linking fossil fuel use to climate change, with devastating effects on ecosystems? Since burning coal is a major offender within this, a champion of botany might be really displeased to meet Stephenson. Given that this very inventor was destined to develop transport which both relied on coal, and made the extraction of coal for industrial use more viable, might not a future Peri have turned 'Luddite' herself, and thrown Stephenson down the pit?

As the scarecrow approaches, the crane awaits more customers. Passing on the dray, the Doctor's device changes pitch and the crane becomes suspicious. She bolts the bathhouse door after ushering Tim Bass and others inside. Unobserved, the Master discards his scarecrow disguise.

The Master had last been envisioned by the regenerating Doctor in *The Caves of Androzani* (1984), but his last proper appearance was being incinerated by numismatist gas in *Planet of Fire* (1984), proving that burning fossil fuels can be very harmful! The Mark of the Rani was Anthony Ainley's first engagement under a new three-year deal; Eric Saward, unhappy at the character's resurrection, claimed in a 1987 DWB interview that he just couldn't be bothered explaining it.

This sequence again showcases the principal location: the Ironbridge Gorge Museums complex. The Blists Hill Open-Air



The miners look forward to a nice long soak in the bathhouse after a hard day down t'pit.



'Stephenson was famous enough to be depicted on the Bank of England's £5 note.'



Museum is now one of ten museums at Ironbridge (another, the Coalport China Museum, was also used during filming). 25 miles from the England-Wales border, this World Heritage Site was pivotal in Britain's Industrial Revolution. The Iron Bridge itself, built in 1779, was the world's first constructed from that metal. Blists Hill, however, recreates a late Victorian Town – it is marketed as such – to simulate life far closer to 1900 than 1800.

Considerable adaptation to fit the period was required.

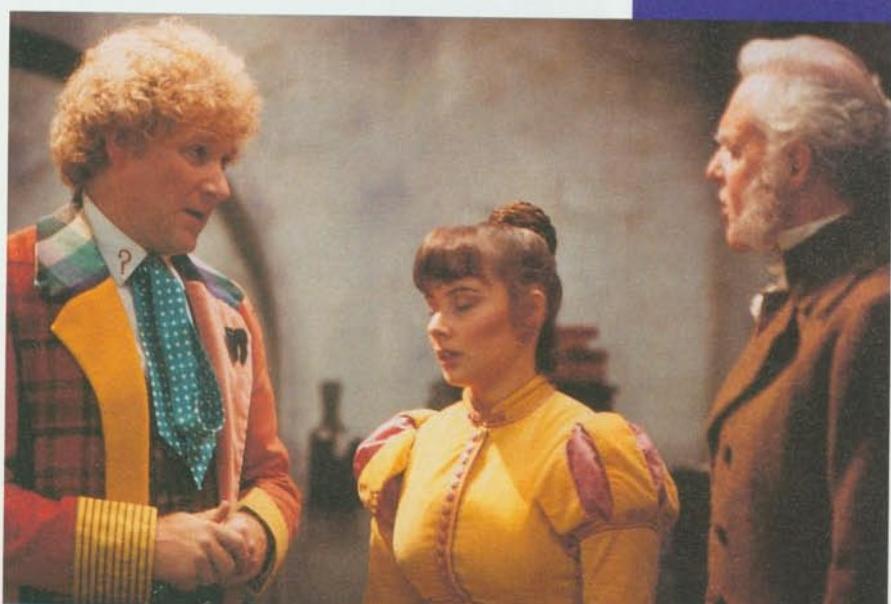
Sarah Hellings had told Blists Hill's story on film some years previously, directing a *Blue Peter* feature. But deciding Doctor Who locations is not purely the director's choice; Ironbridge was only confirmed after designer Paul Trerise and production manager Tony Redston visited it within a wide-ranging recce of potential locations (a standard mission prior to location work).

With no clear indication of the year on-screen, or in the novelisation, it must be inferred from elsewhere. When interviewed on location for DW 103, Pip and Jane Baker spoke of writing for 'the early 1800s'. However, in the same issue, both Trerise and Make-Up designer Cathy Davies are quoted specifying the period as 1830. As we shall see, this makes no sense given the subsequent references to inventors and Luddites, not to mention Stephenson's career progress. Could our reporters have misheard these pivotal crew members? Did they say 1813 rather than 1830?

Approaching the pit gates, Peri and the Doctor discuss Stephenson's historical impact. An armed guard [Richard Steele] challenges them for having no pass to the meeting (due in two days). Unaware of the gathering, they recognise several listed attendees. The Doctor flourishes his tracker, but Peri's charm gets them through the gates.

George Stephenson is "undoubtedly one of the greatest and most influential figures in history", displays at London's Science Museum assert. Indeed, he was famed enough for the Bank of England to show him on their Series D pictorial £5 note, legal tender between 1990 and October 2003. However, historians (and the Museum) mostly date our Industrial Revolution as starting some decades before his birth in 1781. Rather than being an 'architect' of this economic and social transformation, Stephenson was an engineer who enabled a major expansion of it.

Different attendees are named in different scenes: on TV, the roll call here is Thomas Telford (1757–1834), Michael Faraday (1791–1867) and Humphry Davy (1778–1829). Telford's civil engineering skills lay behind 1000 miles of road and over 1000 bridges. He enabled the Caledonian Canal in his native Scotland: like Stephenson, he was self-taught. In his twenties Faraday worked as apprentice to Davy, who developed electrochemistry and taught at the Royal Institution. Davy was knighted as early as 1812, but Faraday would achieve greater fame for his work and teaching on electricity. In print, the Bakers add James Watt, inventor of the condensing steam engine (1736–1819). They also cite "a period in England when genius seemed to bloom" without acknowledging that



What a disgusting dress Peri is wearing! And to think that the designer went on to do *Pride and Prejudice* ...

both Telford and Watt were Scots. The intention to include Watt underlines the case for the pre-1820 setting.

In a 2002 nationwide poll preceding the BBC2 series Great Britons, Faraday, Stephenson and Watt all featured in the Top 100 choices – Faraday was the highest at 22, with Stephenson at 65 and Watt at 84.

In the pit's office, a fierce dog watches the time-travellers while the guard seeks Stephenson. Hearing an intruder the dog races out, only to be destroyed (along with a second sentry) by the Master's Tissue Compression Eliminator.

"There was silence deep as death" is from *The Battle of the Baltic* by Glasgow-born poet Thomas Campbell (1777-1844). The line refers to the calm before the storm as the British fleet waits to engage the Danish navy off Copenhagen, in April 1801. During this battle Nelson literally turned his blind eye to ignore a signalled order. He then secured victory and became commander-in-chief in the Baltic. The Napoleonic wars seem firmly in the Doctor's mind, Napoleon being finally defeated at Waterloo in 1815.

The Master channels the fearful aggression of Ward, Rudge and Green into wanting to destroy the Doctor. Entering the yard, the trio attacks by the pit shaft. Rudge and the tracer fall into oblivion, but the Doctor clings onto the lift rope until an imperious rescuer warns Ward and Green off with a gunshot. He announces himself as the mine's owner, Lord Ravensworth [Terence Alexander].

Lord Ravensworth is, like Killingworth, non-fictional. But was he yet a peer of the realm? He was born Thomas Henry Liddell in 1775, with a hereditary knighthood as the son of a baronet. He became Sir Thomas, 6th Baronet, on his father's death in 1791. But baronets are not Lords, and Sir Thomas was not upgraded to the title of Baron Ravensworth until 1821, contradicting other indications of story dating. The Liddells were one of the four 'Grand Allies', coal-owning families who had dominated regional mining throughout the eighteenth century. They funded the Tanfield wagonway near Gateshead – a 1725 section of this remains the world's oldest surviving railway, including the oldest railway bridge, the Causey Arch.

Curiously, a previous Baron Ravensworth had died in 1784 with no male heir, so the peerage lapsed. He was the great-uncle of the Ravensworth the Doctor meets. Curiouser and curioser, 'our' Lord Ravensworth, who died in 1855, was eventually great-uncle to a girl called Alice Liddell, born in 1852. It was Alice who inspired Alit's Adventures in Wonderland, first published under the pseudonym Lewis Carroll in 1865. The Liddells' family seat was at Ravensworth Castle, a few miles south at Gateshead. The current Ravensworth Castle was partially demolished in 1953 – ironically due to mining subsidence – and featured in the recent BBC participatory series Restoration.

LEXICON



The Bakers' writing, in both TV and book form, incorporated a multitude of unusually polysyllabic permutations from the vocabulary spectrum. Here are a few of the less familiar words and sayings found in *The Mark of the Rani* scripts ...

flummery n. nonsense; literally, sweet dish made of flour, eggs, milk and honey, of Welsh origin.

epithet n. a suitable adjective denoting quality or attributes

cat among the pigeons idiom a disturbance: originated when pigeons were bred as meat in dovecots

dilettante n. an amateur who toys with a subject but lacks thoroughness

indigenous a. produced or naturally belonging to a region, eg plant life

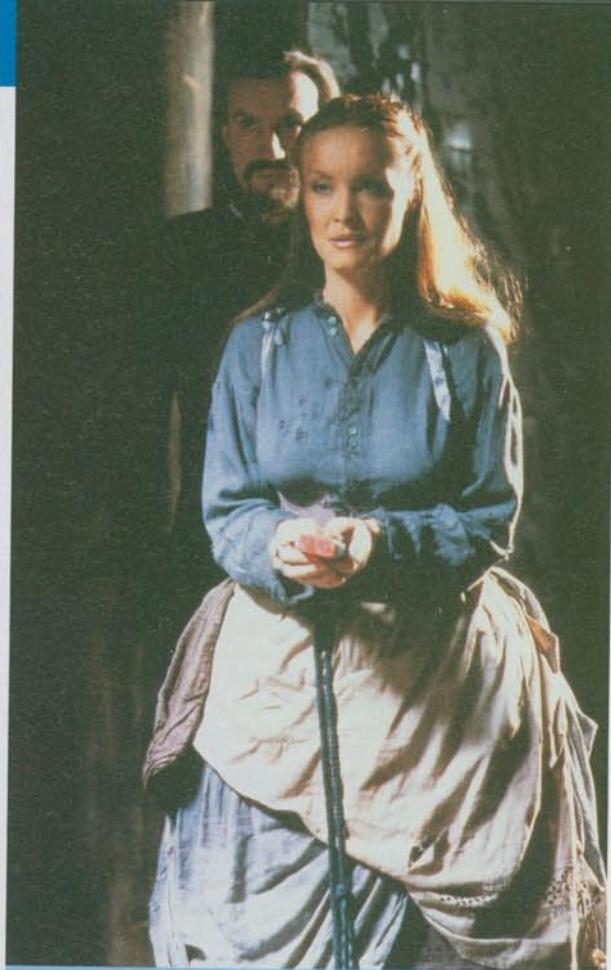
maudlin a. weakly or tearfully sentimental

claptrap n. empty assertions: literally, language used merely to gain applause

dolt n. stupid person [from an obsolete form of 'dulled']

asinine a., **cretin** n.

retarded person
resembling a donkey



The Doctor faces double trouble, as two evil Time Lords join forces!

Ravensworth laments that long-serving men such as Jack Ward have recently gone berserk. Still seeking Stephenson, an apologetic Doctor is accepted as being more gentlemanly than "these wretched Luddites".

The The wrecking of machinery was not restricted to the early nineteenth Century 'Luddite' unrest. Sabotaging new technology was an established form of protest by workers reasserting traditional practices. But machine breaking was most common between 1811 and 1816, when the spectre of Luddism flourished. The fears of unemployment and destitution, with which the Master recruits the miners, were genuine – partly through the turbulence of wartime.

To Ravensworth here, such riots loom closely enough to judge that Luddites have struck Killingworth. His claim of "Luddite riots all over the country" is rather exaggerated. The violence (or threats) against machines and their owners occurred in existing industrial counties: the English Midlands, then Yorkshire and Lancashire – but not apparently reaching Newcastle. Attacks were usually on agricultural or textile machines, not mining equipment. Organised machine breaking began in 1811 in Nottingham: a Framework Knitters' Declaration in January 1812 claimed they were "empowered to break and destroy all Frames and Engines that fabricate articles in a fraudulent and deceitful manner". This was allegedly issued from 'Ned Ludd's Office, Sherwood Forest', a clear link to local hero Robin Hood.

Doubts remain about the Luddites being co-ordinated, beyond their local groups. But the authorities' fear of conspiracy was raised by attacks being ascribed to Ludd, often named as a General, Captain, or King. A Ned Ludd had, while apparently enraged, once broken two knitting machines in Leicestershire. This was in 1779, but his name had become a byword for mysterious sabotage. Luddite riots as such really ceased in 1816, their momentum stalled by the execution of 17 rioters at York in January 1813 until a resurgence that year (other disturbances in the period were more commonly basic food riots).

The The novelisation's back-cover blurb states that the Doctor and Peri land 'at the time of the Luddite uprisings'. Therefore whoever approved that text effectively narrowed the period down to 1811-16.

The bathhouse contains a secret, sophisticated laboratory. The crone connects miners to her equipment, leaving telltale neck marks. The Master steals inside – and they recognise each other. The crone discards her disguise, revealing the glamorous Rani [Kate O'Mara]. She scorns his vendetta against the Doctor (whom she recognised on the dray). Seeking to force her collaboration, he eliminates one of her slaves. The Rani makes a supine miner swallow a fluorescent maggot: she needs another assistant. His eyes briefly glow blue; the Master praises the Rani's mind-control, then seizes her maggots. The Rani vows revenge on anyone interfering with her work – including the Time Lords.



The set for Stephenson's workshop, where the inventor worked on his designs for steam locomotives.

WHERE ELSE HAVE I SEEN ...?

The guest cast's appearances in cult television and film: a highly select guide



KATE O'MARA (1939 -) The Rani

Doctor Who appearances *Time of the Rani* (1987), also *Children in Need: Dimensions in Time* (1993), as the Rani. TV appearances include *The Avengers: Stay Tuned* (1969) as Lisa; series regular in *The Brothers* (1973-78) as Jane Maxwell, alongside Colin Baker; *Triangle* (1981) as Katharine Laker; *Dynasty* (US, 1986) as Cass Morell; *Howard's Way* (1989-90) as Laura Wilde; also *Absolutely Fabulous: Happy New Year and Cold Turkey* (1995, 2003) as Jackie Stone. Film appearances include *The Vampire Lovers* (1970) as The Governess; *The Horror of Frankenstein* (1970) as Alys.

TERENCE ALEXANDER (1923 -) Lord Ravensworth

TV appearances include *The Avengers: The Town of no Return* (1965) as Piggy Warren and Louie All (1969) as Nigel Bromfield; *The Forsyte Saga* (1967-68) as Monty Dartie; *The New Avengers: Angels of Death* (1976) as Manderson; *The Pallisers* (1974) as Lord George; *Terry and June* (1979-80) as Malcolm; series regular in *Bergerac* (1981-91) as Charlie

Hungerford; *The Seven Dials Mystery* (1982) as George Lomax; *The New Statesman* (1991-92) as Sir Greville McDonald. Film appearances include *The Day of the Jackal* (1973) as Lloyd.

GAWN GRAINGER (1940 -) George Stephenson

TV appearances include *Private Schulz* (1981) as Adolf Hitler; *Taggart: Death Call* (1983) as Tony Meacher; *Poirot: the King of Clubs* (1989) as Ralph Walton; *Crim Traveller: The Lottery Experiment* (1997) as Duncan; *Dalziel and Pascoe: Child's Play / Bones and Silence* (1998) as Eden Thackeray; *The Glass* (2001) as Barry Hill. Film appearances include *Love and Death on Long Island* (1997) as Henry.

GARY CADY Luke Ward

TV appearances include *Brass* (1983) as Matthew Fairchild; *A Fairly Secret Army* (1986) as Paul Truscott; *Revelations* (1994, by Russell T Davies) as Steve Whittaker; *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes: The Three Gables* (1994) as Douglas Maberley; *Jonathan Creek: The Seer of the Sands* (2004) as Justin Mallory.



The poor old TARDIS is about to be carted away! © Justin Richards

The Master again urges an alliance. The Rani admits the local aggression results from her need to extract fluid from human brains. When he snatches her precious vial of this fluid, she confirms that humans stripped of the chemical cannot rest. The Master deduces she needs both fluid and parasites to re-establish control on Miasimia Goria. He witnessed her alien subjects' own unrest en route to Earth. The Master convinces the Rani of their shared cause, but no trust is established.

Luddism and other riots or protests may be summed up historically as 'unrest'. And what does the Rani's fluid extraction cause? Literally un-rest in the miners! The Bakers' plotting may have been designed around a pun, but it was also rooted in scientific fact. They had worked on *The Expert*, the first BBC2 drama made in colour, which ran from 1968 – starring Marius Goring (*The Evil of the Daleks*) as a Home Office pathologist. They stumbled across research linking behavioural problems to the substance the brain normally releases to induce sleep, and pharmaceutical attempts to synthesise it. Although the Bakers did not identify it, the substance was probably adenosine, which many scientists believe promotes sleepiness as levels rise within the brain.

'Rani' is known as a Hindi word (sometimes written 'ranee') meaning a princess or queen, perhaps married to a raja. The word 'raj', as applied to British rule in India, means sovereignty. Did 'The Rani' call herself this before she ruled Miasimia Goria? Has she ruled other planets?

Taking the brain fluid, the Master follows the destructive miners to some disused workings. The Rani orders her vassals to attack him. But when the vial is endangered, she transmits a fatal code and Green's crimson mark grows, strangling him. Jack Ward is horrified, but the Master insists the Doctor's machine caused Green's death. Sketching the police box, he urges the miners to bury the TARDIS deep underground.

The scenes at the disused workings fell within the location schedule, but became casualties of poor autumn weather. Paul Trerice swiftly altered his studio designs, incorporating the setting of this attack at TV Centre for 19 November 1984. The design of the Rani's death-level mark, a larger and more livid blotch, differs from the writers' intention – the crimson mark was to grow and surround the neck, to illustrate the strangling.



Peri and the Doctor track the time distortions.



Enter the Rani! The crone sheds her disguise and outlines her wicked plan ...

When Luke mentions the bathhouse, the Doctor realises his attackers were clean of working grime. The Doctor swaps his colourful coat for a dirty one, applying coal-dust to his face. The Rani admits more 'miners' to the bathhouse – one being the Doctor. As steam floods the chamber, they pass out. The Rani revives the Doctor. Surprisingly, she has visited Earth previously – under cover of various historic upheavals. The Rani departs, leaving the Doctor guarded.

Nathan-Turner and Hellings had decided separately to approach Kate O'Mara to play the Rani. The actress had recently

The wives of the Rani's initial assistants [Sarah James and Cordelia Dutton] relate their men's disappearance to Ravensworth. They reject Peri's notion that their men could become Luddites. Later, the Doctor inspects a corpse's neck, before asking to meet one attacker's son – Stephenson's apprentice, Luke Ward [Gary Cady].

Peri's naming of Killingworth is the only broadcast confirmation of their venue, but it could be deduced later from comparing Stephenson's progress with any biography of him.

The corpse, as the book makes clear, is Rudge's: the Doctor asked for it to be recovered from the shaft, concluding a brief unused scene in which Ravensworth consoles the distraught wives. The material was re-written so that the actresses were not required on location.

starred on British TV in *Triangle*, a soapish 1981-83 BBC1 series set around a North Sea Ferry route. Note the irony in the Rani's parallel of her treatment of humans with their carnivorous treatment of lesser species: O'Mara has been a determined vegetarian since the age of 18.

A Why is the Rani unable to recognise the Doctor beneath the grime without testing his twin heartbeat, when she'd spotted him on the dray? They clearly know each other on sight, though where the Doctor previously encountered her is not indicated.

B As with the attendees' list, there are variations in the eras the Rani claims to have visited. The Bakers specified the Trojan Wars (as in *The Myth Makers* (1966)), Julius Caesar (around a century before *The Romans* (1965)), and the eighteenth-Century American War of Independence. The Dark Ages were mentioned instead of Caesar on-screen.

Peri enters the Rani's laboratory, but the Rani returns with the Master, who unveils his plan: to make Earth a unique power-base, using the Rani's methods to harness the assembly of genius to his "superior vision". A scanner alert indicates the TARDIS' 'pallbearers' are nearby. The Doctor claims the Rani has modified the scanner to reflect the observer's preference, not reality. The Master forces Peri to push the Doctor's trolley outside ...

G **T** In print, the Master contrasts the 'sentimental' philosophy of the cult of the individual, on which he claims Peri's homeland is based, with the opportunities he offers by putting gifted men into harness.

S Pip and Jane Baker's fondness for having villains exploit a collection of geniuses would also be pivotal in their *Time and the Rani* (1987). "He wants to pervert history!" exclaims Peri, unaware of the Master's previous plans to hijack England in *The King's Demons* (1983).

They emerge to hear the pallbearers rush by. At a different pit-shaft, Green kicks away the bulky covering platform. The miners use wagon rails to guide the cart to the shaft – then tip the TARDIS in. The Doctor kicks away the Master's TCE, but Peri pushes his trolley downhill by mistake. Halting it, the miners lift the Doctor's stretcher onto a coal-wagon and thrust it towards the shaft ...

M **C** The daylight levels vary so much between the miners' despatch of the TARDIS and their interception of the Doctor that only close inspection shows the location to be the same. The climax was scripted to occur back within the main pit complex. The miners were to use the police box as a battering ram to gain entry to the yard, but the likelihood of damaging the prop saw this vetoed. Before Ironbridge was the confirmed location, the script assumed there would be a turntable available at the pit-head: the Bakers provided rewrites when it became apparent that none was available. Although some railway track exists at the Museum, the design crew had to lay a 100-foot section of track especially for this climax, curving away from the real lines.

I The BBC wishes to acknowledge the co-operation of the Ironbridge Gorge Museum'. This uniquely public credit was in the closing credits of both episodes.



Persistent rain ruins the film crew's attempts to record the vital woodland scenes. © Justin Richards



"I am the Master and you will obey me!" The Master puts the young Luke Ward under his hypnotic spell.



'Despite claims that The Mark of the Rani is set in 1830, this is clearly inaccurate; by this time Stephenson's Rocket had already triumphed.'

Although military assistance was acknowledged for *The Invasion* (1968) and *The Sea Devils* (1972) no other locations had secured a credit, despite – for example – some lobbying during *The Seeds of Doom* (1976).

Part Two

A man hurtles from the adjacent woods. He skilfully replaces the shaft's covering platform, halting the wagon. The stranger is fascinated by the unharmed Doctor's metal bindings: clearly this is Stephenson [Gawn Grainger]. As he frees the Doctor, Peri arrives, and they flee together.

S The Doctor being saved by 're-interpreting' the cliffhanger in the style of a 1930s Saturday cinema serial, is very rare for Doctor Who. Stephenson was born into a mining family near Newcastle in 1781. In 1804 he began working at Killingworth West Moor Colliery, a Grand Allies pit: he lived in Killingworth until moving to Newcastle itself during 1823. Thomas Liddell and his partners recognised his ability, and by 1813 Stephenson had responsibility for all the pit engines belonging to England's most powerful colliery owners. Meanwhile he had witnessed the horrendous risks miners faced: ten were killed in an underground explosion at Killingworth in March 1806. Stephenson was about 50 yards away when "the discharge come out of the pit mouth like a cannon ..." as he recorded in his first-hand report. No wonder he moves rapidly here to prevent another mineshaft casualty.

Regional mine-owners had been using wooden horse-drawn railways since the seventeenth century 'Newcastle Roads' enabled mining to reach new sites. However, locomotives and sturdy metal rails were still lacking in the early nineteenth century.

M According to the rehearsal script, the Bakers specified that Stephenson was 'in his early thirties'. Given his birth-date, this again concurs with the stated period of Luddite riots.

Stephenson bundles the Doctor and Peri into his workshop, where Luke awaits. The Doctor explains that presumed attendees of the meeting are targets. Stephenson is dubious, but is persuaded to cancel the assembly. Luke is sent with George's cancellation note to Ravensworth.

S Stephenson's prediction that Luke will out-achieve him seems puzzling here. The fictional apprentice is an expendable stand-in for one who did become a master engineer alongside George. This was his own son Robert, born in 1803. If Robert had been transformed into vegetable matter, it would probably have impeded the building of many bridges and stations – not to mention Stephenson's Rocket itself.

The Master approaches Luke and then hypnotises him. Luke surrenders Stephenson's document: the named attendees impress the Master. He instructs the enslaved Luke to destroy anyone aborting the meeting.

M The Master adds a name to the roll of honour, murmuring "Marc Brunel". Like the Stephensons, this Brunel (1769-1849) was half of a remarkable father-son partnership: his son Isambard, born 1806, would achieve monumental success in railways and shipping. Marc had a dramatic life, fleeing revolutionary France, becoming New York's chief engineer, and being knighted for constructing London's first Thames tunnel. Attempts to date this story to 1821 (via Ravensworth's peerage) overlook that Brunel spent most of that year in the debtors' gaol.

The prototype locomotive in Stephenson's workshop distracts the Doctor. As they inspect the wheel-less engine, its inventor speculates about achieving speeds of 20 miles per hour. However, he has a power supply problem to solve first.



Paul Trerise and David Barton's design for the Rani's TARDIS included a 're-imagining' of the Doctor's own console.

Here, the setting can finally be narrowed down in time. In print it is stated Stephenson is still 'experimenting with steam engines and would eventually design the famous Rocket', and Luke confirms to the Doctor that the visible prototype is the Blücher. This was Stephenson's first successful flanged-wheel adhesion locomotive. (If the 1830 dating had been accurate, the Rocket would already have triumphed). With gears driving the wheels directly, the Blücher also incorporated advances in valve design, the problem Stephenson cites in the final scene. Sadly no image of it survives.

The Blücher was named after the Prussian general leading Britain's ally in the conclusive battles against Napoleon of 1813-15. In trials at Killingworth, it finally hauled eight loaded wagons at a jerky four mph in July 1814. George had not, however, invented the steam locomotive: the Cornishman Trevithick ran one on a Welsh ironwork's rails as early as 1804, and nearby William Hedley was building the Puffing Billy for a colliery in Wylam (Stephenson's birthplace). Stephenson's stationary engines were in use underground already so, aware of Hedley's work, in 1813 he gained his employers' permission to construct a steam 'travelling engine'. However, it entailed ten months of patient construction in the West Moor workshop.

The upshot is that *The Mark of the Rani* must be set during the autumn of 1813 – when the Blücher is, as shown, in the early stages of manufacture. This is surely the actual date that crewmembers were specifying in the 1984 location interviews, and not 1830.

There is still the problem of Ravensworth's peerage. The confusion (or artistic licence) regarding his title could stem from retrospective accounts, with 'Ravensworth' being used for any event in Thomas Liddell's life. Stephenson himself, opening the Newcastle and Darlington Railway in 1844, said: "Yes, Lord Ravensworth & Co [sic] were the first parties that would entrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made 32 years ago [sic]. I said to my friends, that there was no limit to the speed ... provided the works could be made to stand."

Jack Ward aims to tip the Doctor into the canal by demolishing a stack of coal barrels with a counterweight. Ward's accomplice muffles Peri's warning but is captured by Ravensworth's guard. The Doctor's peripheral vision enabled him to evade the attack.

This scene replaced the original plan for Ward's second attack – to bury the Doctor under a wagonful of coal tipped from an overhead track. Overhead railtrack was not available at Ironbridge, so this alternative was scripted.

The Rani's lab is now bare save for its painted room-divider, depicting a volcanic eruption. The Rani, viewing the attendees' list, agrees to co-operate with the Master, in return for limitless access to humans for their fluid. Leaving for the mineworkings, the Rani kills her assistants. Her TARDIS has too important a function to be used. The Doctor later identifies this painting as a Turner, and the novelisation specifies that it's based on the artist's *Eruption of Souffrière*. JMW Turner (1775 – 1851) became Britain's most celebrated artist within his lifetime, and is celebrated with a dedicated gallery at Tate Britain in London. The April 1812 eruption of St Vincent's Souffrière Mountains was indeed painted by the prolific artist, and exhibited in 1815. However, the actual prop depicts a different image

of eruption, based on his *Vesuvius in Eruption* watercolour of 1817. The Rani is pre-empting its display by a few years, but no-one visiting her bathhouse would have known this!

Luke, following orders, keeps his employers separate. He lies to Stephenson about delivering the cancellation note, then reassures Ravensworth that Stephenson remains confident about the guests' safety. The Doctor accesses the laboratory and pondering the Rani's artistic taste, tugs at the painted screen and the volcano 'erupts', enveloping them in mustard gas. Nearly choking, Peri commandeers the assistants' masks to save them. Behind the screen is a grey wardrobe, and the Doctor uses his TARDIS key to gain entry.

Gambling that the bathhouse is deserted, the Doctor offers some Shakespeare to bolster his case: "Cowards die many times ..." is from Act II of Julius Caesar (whose première performance is pivotal within the 2002 Big Finish audio *The Time of the Daleks*). Peri counters with the popular re-mix of Falstaff's line from *Henry IV, Part One*, originally 'The better part of valour is discretion'. The real source of the mustard gas (or dichlorodethyl sulphide, as Colin Baker splutters gamely) is unclear. It is a blistering agent, so eyes and skin are at risk for several hours after exposure. In fact, full body protective suits are required as well as gas masks. Mustard gas – first used in World War I – was also being used by Iraq against Iran during the 1980-1988 war.

The Rani's TARDIS has silver walls with a black console. Ranged around this are embryos of *tyrannosaurus rex* in specimen jars. Operated by remote control, the wardrobe vanishes with the Doctor inside. When her TARDIS reaches the disused mine, the Rani and Master enter. The Doctor eavesdrops as the Rani realises her laboratory trap failed. Retrieving several plate-size discs, she promises the Master these will change the Doctor permanently.

A dark inversion of the Doctor's (mostly) white TARDIS was given to the Master in *Planet of Fire*, but Paul Trerise's dramatic variation for the Rani was a new layout, albeit using the same floor area. Trerise designed the central console, but credited Visual Effects designer David Barton with the 'magnificent gyroscope' crowning the console.

The Doctor and Master both envy the Rani's Statthenheim Remote-control of her TARDIS. In the next story, *The Two Doctors* (1985), the Sixth finds that the Second has been just such a device – but there was no foresight here: *The Two Doctors* preceded *The Mark of the Rani* in production order.

Peri heads for the pit, where the Doctor finds her sulking. Meanwhile Faraday has been attacked nearby, taking refuge in Redfern Dell – or so Luke claims. The Doctor, by now suspicious of Luke, asks Peri to aid the restless miners. Ravensworth, an amateur botanist, helps Peri identify a suitable sedative: the herb valerian. The Doctor insists that he and not Stephenson should seek Faraday, but is unaware that Luke is taking Peri to the dell for valerian supplies.

If Faraday was genuinely nearby, chances are his mentor Davy would have been too. Faraday actually travelled as Davy's assistant on an 18-month scientific tour of continental Europe, starting in October 1813. Accepting Ravensworth's invitation would have meant a changed



The rather ambitious concept of an anthropomorphic moving tree will be familiar from *The Lord of the Rings*.



The first attempt to mount the woodland scenes – complete with pantomime tree! © Justin Richards



The Doctor ponders the wardrobe leading to the Rani's land ...

itinerary. After their return in late 1815, Davy was credited with inventing the miners' safety lamp, despite Stephenson's simultaneous and independent designs, made at Killingworth. Davy, already a leading scientist, took great offence at the almost unknown Stephenson's dignified pursuit of recognition. It seems unlikely that Davy would have accepted an invitation to Killingworth after 1815. Stephenson's final design was nicknamed a 'Geordie' lamp, as in 'George'. Some claim the nickname was then applied to people from the Newcastle region, but more probably it dates from the locals' allegiance to King George I during the previous century's Jacobite rising.

? The Sixth Doctor's rapid rejection of Stephenson's rifle, "No thanks, I've given them up," appears not to have been originally scripted. Was it designed to offset the violent traits seen in his previous stories?

The Rani conceals the discs in Redfern Dell. Back in her TARDIS, she tops up her embryo's fluid, accusing the Master of having lured the Doctor's TARDIS there.

? The Master recalls when the Rani's misfiring experiment caused havoc on Gallifrey, as monstrous mice devoured the President's cat. Clearly, the Sixth Doctor was not the only Gallifreyan well disposed to felines.

From the Rani's lookout point, the Master trains his TCE on Luke ... but the Doctor seizes the weapon, demanding to know their plans. In the dell below, these become apparent as Luke treads on a black disc: an eruption instantly transforms him into a tree. Luke was an unintended target, but the Rani shows no remorse: animal matter has simply become long-lived vegetable matter. Meanwhile Peri, unaware of Luke's fate, screams as a tree-branch restrains her. The transformed Luke is protecting her from the minefield. The Rani leads Peri to safety, under duress, but then Bass' mob approaches. As Peri takes the TCE the Doctor jostles the Master, before leaving to divert the miners from the minefield.

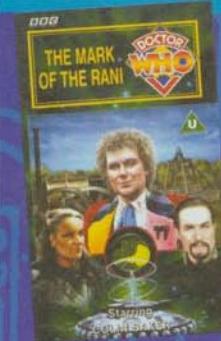
? "The tree won't hurt you!" The ambitious concept of an anthropomorphic moving tree will be familiar from the ancient Treebeard/Fangorn figure in *The Lord of the Rings*. Sadly, fans' reaction to this 'rubber tree' sequence deemed it a low-point of 1980's *Doctor Who* production, along with the Myrka in *Warriors of the Deep* (1984). Both instances had genuine pantomime connections: the Myrka's operators previously shared a comic horse costume in the BBC's *Rentaghost*, while the new 'trees' were from pantomime stock, and hollow enough for operators to stand inside. In fairness, both 'failures' were shot in undesirable conditions. With *The Mark of the Rani*, the problem was persistent rain, ruining attempts at filming near Ironbridge on both 30 October and 2 November 1984. Instead, the scenes were squeezed into a remount day in completely different woods on 8 November, during the London-based studio rehearsals.

BROADCAST & OTHER MEDIA

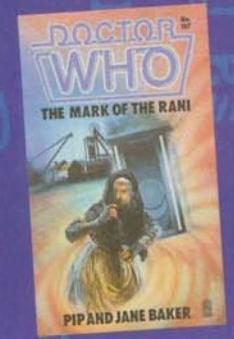
Unlike its Season Twenty-Two predecessors, this story did not generate streams of complaints to the *Radio Times* about its levels of violence. Indeed, its Part One was even promoted with a spread in John Craven's *Back Pages*, the last section of the BBC listings magazine for 2-8 February.

The feature highlighted Blits Hill as an attraction – 'a genuine Victorian village', with Colin Baker recalling 'Lots of school parties visit this museum, and (for) those who

arrived while we were filming ... it was an extra surprise.' Curator Michael Day was also quoted: 'We had a lot of fun ... The staff here all wear period costumes and we like to think we are a living museum. But the Doctor Who team had to make changes – for instance, covering up all the gaslights.' There was no apparent national newspaper interest in this adventure, but later in the month of transmission, *Doctor Who* became front page news when 'Axed in a BBC Plot! ...



'Despite the Doctor's punning implication, the Rocket itself was not George's invention.'



The Time Lords make their escape – but there's a nasty surprise in store for them ...

Entering the mine tunnels, Peri instructs the Rani and Master to halt, but the Rani convulses with coughing. Granted access to medicine, the Rani throws the capsule's contents in Peri's face, and she swoons. The Master, scathing of the Rani's retreat, finds the fluid vial is missing.

? There is no explanation for the capsule's effect, so it seems almost an enchantment. Along with her maggots and volcano trap, there is an air of wicked witchcraft about the Rani. Is it a coincidence that her own domain is entered via a large wardrobe, as in the land ruled by the White Witch in the CS Lewis' novel, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*?

The marauders tether the Doctor to a pole, and two jeering miners carry him onwards. The Doctor's warnings are derided until his porters tread on adjacent discs. Both become sturdy trees as the devices erupt, and the survivors flee. Having extricated himself, the Doctor finds a woozy Peri inside the mine. He darts across the tunnel as the Master fires the TCE, which, as the Doctor intended, causes the roof to collapse. The Rani and Master escape while the Doctor and Peri run from the fallout.

? The Doctor assures Peri that the renegades will end up in the Universe's outer reaches – but is the distance of any relevance to those with access to the Vortex, once the Rani's TARDIS is repaired?

? Two moments almost certainly not scripted by the Bakers: Nicola Bryant's adaptation of Peri's trademark line into "All these mines look the same to me," and the Rani appearing to knee the Master in the groin as they squabble. The latter they found highly amusing.

The Rani and the Master are pinned to the walls of the Rani's TARDIS by centrifugal force. One of her containers smashes on the floor; affected by the time spillage, its tyrannosaurus embryo rapidly begins to grow ...

? The consensus that the tyrannosaurus was a ruthless killer has been challenged recently. London's Natural History Museum's 2003/04 exhibition 'T-Rex: the killer question' addresses this very issue – was the dinosaur predator or scavenger? Nevertheless, assuming the dinosaur grew much larger, it could still eat the Time Lords for breakfast.

? In the novelisation for 1987's *Time and the Rani*, the Bakers explained the Rani's escape: the time spillage caused the dinosaur to grow, age and die within a matter of seconds.

Back at the colliery, the Doctor produces the brain fluid: he picked the Master's pocket in the dell. The TARDIS has been recovered thanks to Stephenson, who is assured by the grateful Doctor that his invention will "take off like a rocket." The TARDIS departs ...

? How is Ravensworth going to get the minute fluid amounts back into the marauding miners' brains? The Rani apparently left no equipment behind, and anyway no human would have known how to use it.

? After the Blücher's encouraging trial, Stephenson's designs evolved rapidly. The application of a steam-blast doubled his engines' power. By 1820 he had built 16 further engines at Killingworth, while also developing wrought-iron track. The next year he began to supervise construction of the Stockton & Darlington railway, winning others over to steam power. In 1825 George drove his own design, Locomotion, on that unprecedented public railway at a top speed of 24 mph, while carrying some startled passengers. Stephenson's name was cemented into transport history when the locomotive he entered, the Rocket, won the Rainhill Trials for the Liverpool & Manchester railway in 1829. Its design established the basic architecture for the steam locomotive – but George, by now a celebrated engineer, had delegated the design details to his 26-year-old son. So despite the Doctor's punning implication, the Rocket itself was not George's invention. In terms of innovation, the man in 'Stephenson's Rocket', as shown today in its exhibit area at the Science Museum, was actually Robert Stephenson.



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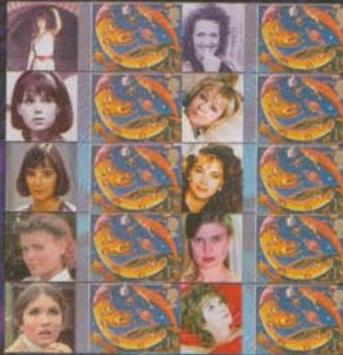
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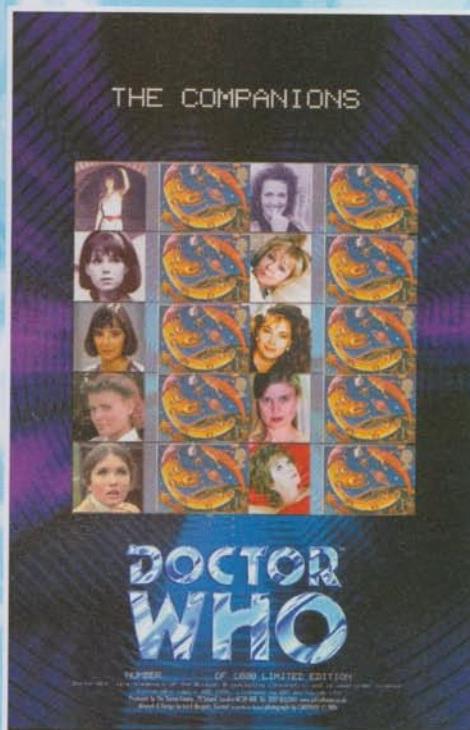


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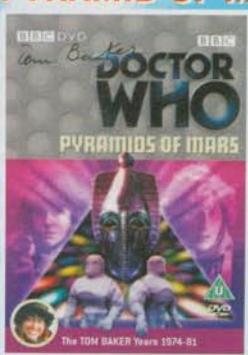
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Transmitted 22 FEBRUARY 1964



Marco challenges Ian to a game of chess. Barbara admires the delicately carved pieces, which Marco tells her were purchased in Hormuz, on his first journey to Cathay. 'Now they go with me everywhere.'



Tegana takes the phial from his accomplice. He plans to poison all but the first of Marco Polo's water gourds. On the third night of the journey he intends to leave the group, return to steal the Doctor's TARDIS, and 'bring the mighty Kublai Khan to his knees' ...



'Do you play chess, lady?' Tegana asks Barbara. 'Not very well,' she replies, before noticing that a distraught Susan has returned from the Doctor's tent. The Doctor has refused to touch his food.



The caravan sets out across the Gobi Desert, the TARDIS tied to the back of a wagon. 'The journey across this vast ocean of sand is slow and hazardous,' writes Marco in his journal. 'To make matters worse, the old Doctor shows his disapproval of my action by being both difficult and bad-tempered.'



Tegana ponders the rules of chess, oblivious to Barbara and Susan. 'Two equally balanced armies deployed upon a field of battle, each commander determined to be the one who cries "Shah mat".' 'Shah mat?' asks Ian. 'Check mate?' 'It means "The king is dead",' explains Tegana.



Inside Marco's tent a meal is served and Ping-Cho prepares finger-bowls filled with water. 'How much water does a caravan like this use in crossing the Gobi Desert, Marco?' asks Ian.



Susan stands outside the tent, gazing up at the stars. 'We'll get the TARDIS back,' says Barbara, trying to reassure her. 'Yes, at Kublai Khan's court – and that's too late,' says Susan.



'We will use one barrel every five days,' says Marco, as Barbara washes her hands. 'I have allowed for eight gourds to carry us across to the other side.'



'We should be up there,' she tells Barbara. 'Another time, another galaxy.' 'We'll think of something,' says Barbara. 'How?' asks Susan. 'Ian playing chess with Marco? Grandfather being rude and sulking by himself?'



'I'm sorry the Doctor wouldn't eat with us this evening,' says Marco.



'I'd have said he was just feeling defenceless,' says Barbara. 'He has a wonderful machine, capable of all sorts of miracles, and it's taken away from him by a man he calls primitive. TARDIS is the only home we have at the moment. When we're in it, we feel safe. When we're out of it ...'



Susan is similarly upset, and takes some food through to the Doctor's tent.



'One day, we'll know all the mysteries of the skies,' says Susan. 'And we'll stop our wandering.' 'Then you and I will say goodbye,' says Barbara. 'Oh, not yet,' exclaims Susan. 'Not for a long time!'



Susan dashes back into the main tent, looking for Ping-Cho.
‘What was I about to do?’ asks Marco, his concentration broken. He makes an attacking move, causing Ian to mutter, ‘Ouch ...’



In the main tent, Marco is woken by the sound of a whinnying horse.



Susan creeps into Ping-Cho’s tent, but finds that her friend is not yet asleep. ‘I was thinking,’ says Ping-Cho.
‘What about?’ asks Susan.
‘How peaceful it is in the desert,’ she replies.



‘What is it Marco?’ asks Ian, joining him outside.
‘The horses are very restless,’ he replies. ‘There’s a sandstorm coming in ... Notice how still it is? As if everything were waiting ...’



‘The moon will rise later,’ says Ping-Cho, gazing outside the tent. ‘That is the time to see the desert. It is like a great silver sea.’
‘The metal seas of Venus ...’ says Susan, her mind drifting.
‘Where?’ says a confused Ping-Cho.



In the desert, Ping-Cho and Susan climb a sand dune in order to get a better view of Tegana.
‘There he is,’ says Ping-Cho, pointing to a figure in the distance.
‘Hurry up or else we will lose him.’



‘Oh, a long way from here,’ says Susan. ‘I’ve never seen a moonlit night. How long before the moon rises?’
‘Two or three hours,’ says Ping-Cho.
‘I’ll call you then.’



Ping-Cho notices an ominous cloud on the horizon. With horror, she realises the cloud is in fact a sandstorm.



‘Check!’ exclaims Ian with obvious satisfaction.
‘Marco, can you save your king?’ asks Tegana.
‘I think so ...’ he replies.



‘It’s coming this way,’ says Susan with mounting dread. ‘We must get back before it reaches us.’



As Polo manoeuvres the game back to his advantage, an eerie silence descends on the camp.



They argue about what to do, and by the time they have clambered down the sand dune it is too late. They are soon engulfed in a maelstrom of sand. The air fills with strange, sonorous noises as the terrified Susan and Ping-Cho hold each other close.



‘Oh crazy ...’ says Susan as the moon illuminates the desert plains.
‘Sssh! says Ping-Cho. ‘The guard will hear you. Crazy?’
‘It means I dig it. Like it,’ says Susan.
‘This language of yours is very strange,’ says Ping-Cho.



‘It’s terrifying!’ says Barbara, as the noise of the sandstorm grows louder.
‘I’ve heard it sound like a great many people talking as they trekked across the desert,’ says a sombre Marco.
‘It can also be like a familiar voice calling your name. You’re not the only one to be afraid.’



Susan sees Tegana emerging from the main tent, and suggests following him.
‘He’ll be angry!’ says Ping-Cho.
‘You’re not afraid?’ teases Susan, and the two girls set off into the desert.



Ian is surprised that the Doctor is able to sleep through the noise. Soon after, Marco notices that Tegana is missing. A hysterical Barbara then points out that Susan and Ping-Cho have also gone.



Barbara wants to search for the girls, but Marco tells her it is out of the question until the storm subsides. 'Calm down,' says Ian. 'Marco's right – there's nothing we can do!'



Tegana goes outside the tent and opens one of the water gourds.



As the sand continues to fly around them, Susan thinks she can hear her name being called. 'It's Ian!' she tells Ping-Cho excitedly. 'Ian! We're here!'



He reaches into his jerkin for the phial of poison.



But the voice does not belong to Ian. Tegana calls out from a nearby sand dune, his face protected from the sand by a scarf.



He grips the phial in his hand, hesitating before going any further. The following day, Marco makes another entry in his journal: 'How can I ever repay Tegana for saving Ping-Cho and Susan?' he writes. 'We covered 15 miles before I gave the order to set up camp for the night.'



'Let me go as soon as the storm is over!' insists Ian.



'Did you believe Tegana when he told Messer Marco about going for a walk?' asks Susan. 'He's a special emissary of the great Mongol leader who has been at war with Kublai Khan,' replies Ping-Cho. 'Tegana is to arrange a settlement between them. Would a man like that lie?'



'You'd miss them in the dark,' says Marco. 'You must wait until it's light!'



'No, no he wouldn't,' says Susan, lying back on her bed. 'That's what's so strange ...' 'What?' asks Ping-Cho. 'The fact that he did ...'



Tegana strides out of the sandstorm and offers his hand to Ping-Cho and Susan.



'What is that you do?' asks Tegana, watching as Marco writes in his book.
'I keep a journal,' replies Marco.



Tegana brings the girls back to the camp, where Marco reprimands Susan. 'Don't you dare do that again,' he tells her. 'That also applies to you, Ping-Cho!'



'Marco!' shouts Tegana, brandishing his sword. Marco reaches for his own weapon.
'It's better a man keeps the blade of his sword clean and its edge sharp.'
'You continue your writing, Marco. I'll see to the horses tonight.'



'I'm sorry, Messer Marco,' says Susan, before asking after her grandfather. 'Luckily for you he's been asleep the whole time,' says Ian.



Tegana gives a signal to the guards standing by the wagon, and they leave to report to Marco.



When they have gone, Tegana uses his dagger to cut the ropes holding down the cover.



Tegana slashes the sides of the gourds, spilling precious water onto the desert sand.



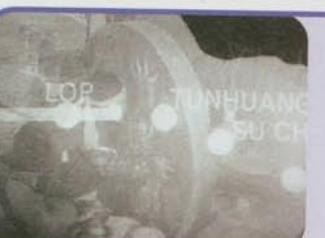
In the morning, Marco discovers the sabotage, which he attributes to bandits. With rationing, the one remaining water gourd will last for three to four days – just enough to get them back to Lop. 'There must be somewhere else we can go to,' says Ian, reluctant to retrace their steps.



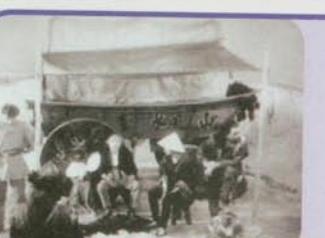
Marco tells them about a small oasis, one week's journey to the north. Barbara advocates returning to Lop, but is reminded that in their weakened condition they now face the additional threat of bandits wherever they go.



Marco decides to head for the oasis, but Tegana refuses, declaring his intention to return to Lop. Marco refuses to let him go, and Tegana is forced to swallow his pride.



'Have I made the right decision?' writes Marco. 'Each day, our progress becomes less. On the first day, we covered 20 miles. On the second, 15. The third, ten. The fourth day's total was eight. Now, on the fifth day, we have travelled only two miles before the heat has forced us to stop.'



As the sun beats down, the caravan comes to a halt and the travellers rest under an awning.



Marco distributes the water rations, carefully pouring meagre amounts from a jug.



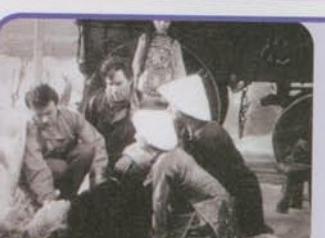
He pours some water into Barbara's cup, and then the Doctor's. As he pours some water for Ian, the jug runs dry. 'Is this all we're going to get until tonight, hmm?' asks the Doctor.



'I will go to the oasis and bring back water,' volunteers Tegana. 'Do you think you could reach the oasis?' asks Marco. 'My horse is still the strongest,' he replies.



As Tegana sets off, Marco resolves to continue the journey to the oasis. Susan and Barbara help the Doctor to his feet, but he soon loses consciousness.



'We will fix up a cot for him in the wagon,' says Marco, but Barbara argues that the Doctor needs to rest in comfort during the journey. 'What about the TARDIS?' she suggests. 'He'd be more comfortable, Marco,' adds Ian.



'Please, Messer Marco!' says Susan, taking the TARDIS key from the Doctor's pocket. Polo turns the key over in his hand and eventually agrees, allowing Susan to accompany her grandfather. He insists, however, that Barbara and Ian stay outside with him.



At the oasis, Tegana drinks deeply from a filled gourd. The water cascades down his chin and clothes.



'Here's water, Marco Polo!' he cries, letting the water pour onto the ground. 'Come for it!'

Directed by
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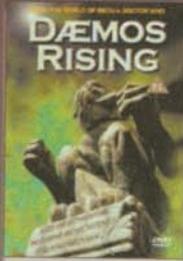
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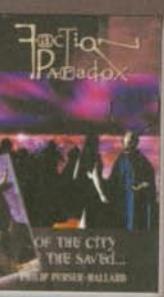
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SINS OF THE FATHERS PART ONE

STORY: SCOTT GRAY ART: JOHN ROSS
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EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

WELL, CRANIAL TRAUMA WAS SEVERE, OF COURSE... INTERNAL BLEEDING WAS CONSIDERABLE, AND THERE WAS SOME DAMAGE TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM...

BUT THE CELLULAR RECONSTRUCTION WENT WELL. HER SYNAPTIC RESPONSE LEVELS ARE STRONG, AND THERE'S BEEN NO LOSS OF MOTOR FUNCTIONS...

ALL IN ALL,
MISS DESTRII HAS
MADE A REMARKABLE
RECOVERY...

YOU SAY SHE IS A PART OF A GENETICALLY MANIPULATED SPECIES?

YES... NO TWO ALIKE.

FASCINATING. I DARESAY WE WOULD HAVE BEEN AT A LOSS TO HELP HER WITHOUT THE BIO-DATA YOU SUPPLIED...

WELL, I'M CONFIDENT YOUR FRIEND WILL BE FULLY RECOVERED IN A DAY OR TWO, DOCTOR...

MY FRIEND? SHE'S HARDLY THAT. DESTRII'S FED ME A STEADY DIET OF TROUBLE EVER SINCE WE MET.

THEN WHY...?

SHE DID HELP ME OUT OF A TIGHT SPOT -- AND THIS IS THE PRICE SHE PAID. I SUPPOSE I OWED HER SOMETHING...

A BRILLIANT MARINE BIOLOGIST, ALISON LAVELLE, ONCE MADE A DETAILED STUDY OF DESTRII'S PHYSICAL MAKEUP. LUCKILY, I STILL HAD HER FILES...

ANYWAY, ONE THING WE HAVEN'T DISCUSSED IS PAYMENT, DR PARTHO...

OH, THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT, DOCTOR - HIPPOCRATES BASE OPERATES ON A NON-PROFIT SYSTEM -- ALL OUR FUNDING COMES FROM THE KULKAN COLLECTIVE...

WELL, HOW ABOUT A SMALL DONATION, THEN?

D-DOCTOR... THOSE ARE FUJARA EMERALDS! WE COULD BUILD AN ENTIRE WING FOR WHAT THEY'RE WORTH!

WHAT AN EXCELLENT IDEA!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR!

NURSE, CONTINUE MONITORING MISS DESTRII -- CALL ME IF THERE'S ANY DEVELOPMENT...

YES, DR PARTHO...

CLEAN-UP CREW
12, YOU'RE
NEEDED ON
LEVEL 176...

HEY, I GOT A
BUNCH OF LEAKING
PLAXIANS WITH
DIPOLUS FLU.
HERE! GET
SOMEONE ELSE!

I'M SORRY I HAVEN'T HAD THE
CHANCE TO GIVE YOU A PROPER TOUR
OF THE STATION, DOCTOR...

OH, I'VE BEEN KEEPING
BUSY SIGHTSEEING -- I CAN'T
REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I
SAW SO MANY SPECIES
IN ONE PLACE...

THIS HAS BECOME A
BUSY SECTOR OF THE
GALAXY -- THE INTERACTION
OF ALL THESE DIFFERENT
RACES HAS LED TO A
WIDE VARIETY OF NEW
ILLNESSES...

HIPPOCRATES BASE
WAS ESTABLISHED TO
STUDY AND DEAL WITH
THEM. WE PRIDE OURSELVES
ON SETTING THE HIGHEST
STANDARD FOR
PATIENT CARE...

DID YOU KNOW,
WE EVEN HAVE
DIFFERING
GRAVITATIONAL
FIELDS FOR EACH
LEVEL, TO SUIT
VARIOUS
SPECIES...?

THAT'S
CLEVER!
HOW'S IT
DONE?

OH, I'VE HAD IT EXPLAINED TO
ME A HUNDRED TIMES, AND I
STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...

AH, GOOD MORNING, MRS
GL'TCH! AND HOW ARE THE
MANDIBLES TODAY?

OOH,
MUCH
BETTER
NOW, DR
PARTHO!

GOOD, GOOD!
NOW, NO MORE
CHEWING THOSE
PYLATHIAN
SKY-SNAILS,
EH?

I KNOW IT HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH SPECIAL GRAVITY
ENHANCERS. THEY TAP INTO THE
PULL OF THE LOCAL STAR AND
THEN REGULATE AND AMPLIFY
IT TO VARYING DEGREES...

YOO-HOO, DR
PARTHO! HELLO!

YOUR PEOPLE HAVE CERTAINLY CHANGED
A GREAT DEAL IN THE LAST COUPLE
OF CENTURIES... I CAN REMEMBER
WHEN THE KULKAN COLLECTIVE
WAS THE KULKAN EMPIRE...

Y-YOU
CAN?

I'M A LOT OLDER THAN I
LOOK -- I RAN AFoul OF YOUR
ANCESTORS MORE THAN ONCE...

WELL, I WOULD NEVER DENY THAT KULKAN HISTORY
IS A DARK AND BLOODY ONE, DOCTOR, BUT OUR
SOCIETY HAS EVOLVED! HIPPOCRATES BASE
IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF THIS...

AND YOU'RE AN EVEN
BETTER ONE, DR PARTHO.
COME ON, LET'S SIT DOWN
SOMEWHERE AND SAMPLE
THE LOCAL TEA...

WE'LL
DRINK A TOAST
TO BURIED
HATCHETS...







NURSE WEAVER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING INSIDE MY SYSTEMS CORE? I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T HAVE CLEARANCE FOR THIS AREA....

THAT'S ALRIGHT, BOB. I'M NOT NURSE WEAVER. AS IT HAPPENS, I KILLED HER THREE WEEKS AGO...

YES, SHE DIDN'T LAUGH MUCH EITHER...

IS THAT A JOKE? I'M SORRY, I OFTEN HAVE DIFFICULTY FOLLOWING ORGANIC HUMOUR...

MAYBE THIS WILL LIGHTEN THE MOOD!

NO!

SKKROW-SKKROW-SKKROW!



KLANG-KLANG-KLANG-KLANG!

WHAT'S THAT ALARM MEAN?

SAY, DOES ANYONE ELSE FEEL...

LIGHTER?

WHAAAAA!

HELP!

THE GRAVITY ENHancers
MUST HAVE MALFUNCTIONED!
OH DEAR!

WELL, I'M SURE
WE CAN COPE
WITH FLOATING
AROUND LIKE
BALLOONS FOR
A WHILE...

"...BUT I'VE GOT
A HUNCH THAT
WON'T BE OUR
ONLY PROBLEM..."

YOU ALL
KNOW YOUR
DUTIES.
PROCEED WITH
THE PLAN...

AND BY THE
BLOOD OF OUR
FOREBEARS,
BRING A SWIFT
DEATH TO
ANYONE WHO
RESISTS!

SHLUUZ!
CHHOOM!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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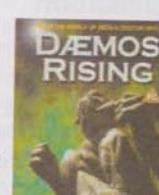
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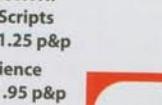
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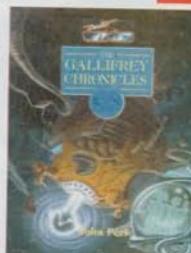
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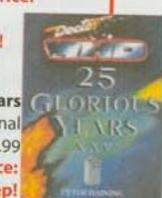


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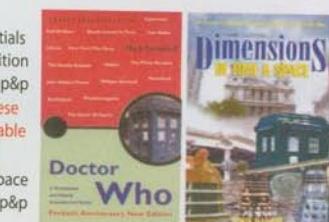
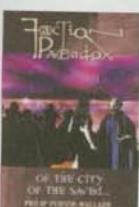
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Jon Pertwee

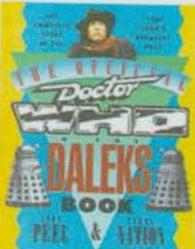
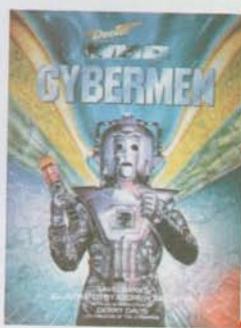
The Master

Sylvester McCoy - grey

or brown coat

Time Lords - cream, brown,
grey or burgundy

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THE TARDIS OUTSIDE

Having behaved erratically throughout the 1960s, the TARDIS came down to Earth with a bump in 1970. In part two of his user's manual, Gareth Roberts checks that his relative dimensional stabiliser, dematerialisation circuits and Randomiser are all functioning properly ...

The 1970s was a funny old decade for the TARDIS: it began them not working at all, and ended them as a time/space machine so super-efficient that the Doctor actually fitted a device to make it rubbish again! Strangest of all, nobody in the Doctor Who production team seems to have made the decision to 'repair' the TARDIS; this major change to the series' format, after which it was never quite the same again, just seems to have crept up on everybody.

It's interesting that when the Time Lords deposit the Doctor on Earth to begin his exile, they send him there in his own TARDIS and leave him with it. Surely a more effective way to keep him stranded would be to confiscate it and leave him with nothing to work on? But as Terrance Dicks noted, way back in *The Doctor Who Monster Book*, there's something very rum about their sentence. It's as if they know – and as

superbeings with the power to look into the future, they would if anybody could – that the Doctor is to play a vital part in the defence of Earth. Limited access to the power of the TARDIS will not only keep him busy and fairly happy in his attempts to escape, but also gives him a little leeway in his dealings with alien menaces such as Axos and the Master.

From the revelation of their existence onwards, the Time Lords' foreknowledge gives us a bit of a conceptual headache. If time is completely open to their observations, one wonders if their interventions via the Doctor on planets such as Peladon or Solos are akin to the mission they give him on Skaro in *Genesis of the Daleks*; to alter the initial events that lead eventually to cataclysm. Obviously as viewers we're not supposed to worry about such things, and as mere humans the machinations of the Time Lords would be beyond us anyway. As the Doctor says at the off, the children of his civilisation can grasp concepts that are simply

beyond even the most sophisticated human minds. Even lovely Sarah Jane is told she has a 'tiny mind', so let's take the Doctor at his word.

The Time Lords have thoughtfully kitted the exiled Doctor out with a TARDIS homing device built into a wristwatch, but cruelly blocked from his mind much of his (already somewhat basic) knowledge of time travel mechanics. Axos has the power to break through these blocks, and it's hinted that this reminder, and the help of the Master, enables him to pilot the ship



Left: In Pyramids of Mars the TARDIS is used to show how time can be altered

DIS IDE IN



Above:
Jo and the
Doctor take a
trip in the TARDIS
under Time Lord
control

away from Earth for the first time at the close of *The Claws of Axos*. On the other hand, when the Time Lords rescind his exile in *The Three Doctors*, the mental blocks on the 'codes' of time travel are removed too.

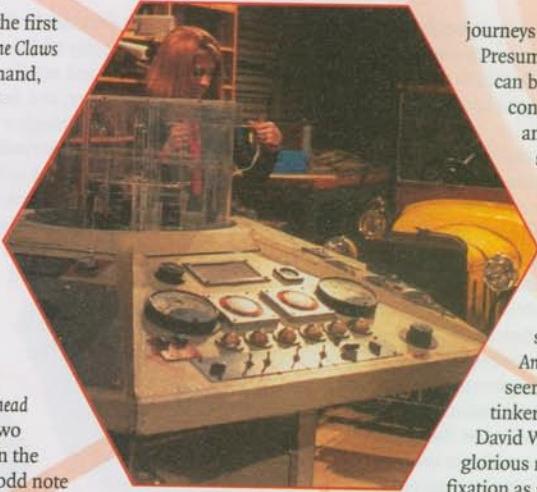
The Doctor is confident that he can overcome his exile, and seems to forget exactly what it entails when, in *Spearhead from Space*, he makes two attempts to get away in the TARDIS. It strikes an odd note that he's apparently willing to leave the Brigadier and Liz in the thick of an alien invasion, but after his forced change of appearance his behaviour doesn't properly normalise until

Doctor Who and the Silurians;

Top: The console removed from the TARDIS. **Right:** The TARDIS in trouble!

he is uniquely playful and childish in his first battle against the Autons. The TARDIS key – here a very ordinary Yale – doesn't work for the Brigadier. "Ah, but it will for me," says the Doctor, the first suggestion in the works of Robert Holmes of an 'isomorphic response' between TARDIS and pilot. The bangs and flashes that result from the attempt to take off, and the evidence of later stories, suggest that the Time Lords have merely disabled the dematerialisation circuit. Let's stop and consider this little device. It seems to be the circuit making the connection between the TARDIS' 'engines' (presumably the dimensional stabiliser referred to in *Underworld*) and the dematerialisation process. Without it, taking off is impossible and the inevitable short-circuit results in copious amounts of comedy smoke (all the way up to its final mention in *The Horns of Nimon*).

When we next see the TARDIS, something remarkable has happened. The Doctor has removed the console from the police box somehow (I imagine he was able to short-hop it outside; as the close of *Inferno* makes plain, he can manage very short



journeys in time and space). Presumably he's done this so he can breathe life into the console by connecting it to an alternative power source – the nuclear reactor of the Stahlman project – suggesting he thinks there's a block on the TARDIS' own power source. In *The Ambassadors of Death* he seems merely to be tinkering, allowing writer David Whitaker one last glorious moment of TARDIS fixation as an adjustment to the Time Vector Generator sends Liz forward a few seconds in time. With his mechanical knowledge blocked, the Doctor is effectively trying anything and everything to regain control. At this stage he doesn't appear to have hit on the dematerialisation circuit as the key to the problem. In *Inferno*, connection to the reactor allows him to dematerialise the console on two significant occasions. It seems to be the power fluctuation at the reactor that sends the console 'sideways in time'; as we see at the end of the story, a normal supply of nuclear power only sends him a few feet to the nearby rubbish tip.

The Doctor's trip to the parallel world is intriguing. He states explicitly that he 'doesn't exist' there, which fits in with his refusal to take the Brigade Leader et al back to our world. The rule seems to be that one can only travel to a parallel world where one doesn't already exist in parallel. The power surge doesn't actually send the console anywhere in time and space, only sideways, suggesting that the Time Lords' block on the TARDIS is very, very effective. The Doctor knows about parallel worlds in loose theoretical terms, but doesn't seem to have had experience of them before. Travel to parallel worlds is clearly a very dangerous and dubious thing, and the Doctor's delight in proving that 'free will is not an illusion' suggests this is something that even the Time Lords don't know much about.

The next significant TARDIS story, in more ways than one, is *The Claws of Axos*. The Axons are the first monsters ever in the series (discounting a possible hint the Daleks drop in *Master Plan*) who know of the Time Lords, and they bust through the Doctor's mental blocks to get at his knowledge of time travel. Interestingly, Axos isn't that big and can vary its mass, but it still needs to absorb all the nuclear power of the Nuton Complex to make its first time/space journey, which ties in neatly with evidence from earlier and later stories that a colossal amount of energy is needed to travel in time. With help from the Master – whose casual finesse with his rival's 'museum piece' TARDIS makes the Doctor look clumsy and incompetent – the Doctor gets the TARDIS to materialise aboard Axos and link up with its 'organic' technology, then cunningly traps it in a time loop. Despite the efforts of the Axons to cuddle the Doctor to death over the console, he "simply boost[s] the circuits" and gets free. This is the birth of the 'super-TARDIS'; as with many Baker and Martin stories, it becomes not simply the means by which the series travels erratically from point A to point B, but a means

Important
Before attempting to escape
your exile, please make sure your
TARDIS' dematerialisation circuit is
fitted correctly



of conveniently ending a story through technobabble. At least the time loop is positively ingenious compared to some of the cop-outs the TARDIS will later be responsible for, up to and including the 1996 TV Movie.

The Time Lords then send the Doctor to Uxarieus to prevent the Master getting his hands on the Doomsday Weapon. There's a nice moment in Episode One where the vortex is seen on the scanner, before clearing to show a view of Uxarieus from space before the TARDIS materialises. This ties in with the departure from Earth seen in *An Unearthly Child*, and with Vicki gazing idly at Kembel at the close of *Galaxy 4*; the scanner seems able to penetrate the vortex in the moments immediately preceding or following a materialisation or dematerialisation. Another nice piece of accidental continuity has the aforesaid Doomsday Weapon as a star buster comparable to the Time Lords' own Remote Stellar Manipulator, dropping us a first hint of the awesome energies released when you go mucking about with stars.

Further fiddling with the TARDIS console, once again outside the police box, lead the Doctor and Jo to meet themselves a few days into their future in *Day of the Daleks*. This serves as an illustration framing the temporal paradox central to the story, which, though it has nothing to do with the TARDIS, extrapolates even further the concepts of *The Space Museum* and *Inferno*. The paradox is a kind of Möbius strip, incomprehensible to Jo and the viewers; it breaks the laws of cause and effect by which we mere humans comprehend the universe. What we can glean from the Doctor's diagnosis of the situation in Episode Four is that it is his presence (as a 'perpetual outsider' with free will) that enables the paradox to be set right. But let's not try to conceptualise the relationship between the three different versions of events or our inadequate human brains will hurt. As the Doctor tells Jo, "strange things happen" when you start playing about with time.

What this story gives us is the coining of the phrase 'space/time vortex', through which the Daleks, Ogrons and guerrillas seem able to travel, unprotected but unscathed, using variations of the same technology. Intriguingly these seem to operate using mini-gadgets little bigger than transistor radios – perhaps these are linked remotely to a larger power source, as is (presumably) the Time Ring seen in Season Twelve.

The 'interstitial beam synthesiser' is on the blink in *The Curse of Peladon*, in which the Time Lords rather more subtly manipulate the TARDIS, allowing the

Doctor to think at first that he has beaten his exile. We have another display of the relationship between the interior and exterior of the ship as it lands on the cliff edge, and for the first time the Doctor states that, though it has many faults, the TARDIS is indestructible.

The Time Monster, for good or for ill, provides a thorough insight into the workings of the TARDIS. For the first time it feels as if the production team is thinking long and hard about it, from the Doctor's vague half-explanation that he has 'redecorated' the interior to the boxes-within-boxes iconography that will later be referred to in *Logopolis*. The Doctor is now able to fairly confidently pilot the TARDIS on short hops, and hitches a ride aboard the Master's TARDIS by materialising inside and outside it. He too can survive in the vortex unprotected – going directly against the series' established lore – and the TARDIS has a search-and-recover facility to retrieve a lost passenger. This is the 'Extreme Emergency' switch which the Doctor also operates in *The Three Doctors* to call for help from the Time Lords ... and thus seems to be a 'magic' switch to sort out whatever the current problem is! We also get a first mention of the TARDIS telepathic circuits, which would seem to be a more scientific – or at least more technical-sounding – reference to the 'will' identified by Barbara in *Inside the Spaceship*; it is used on this occasion to facilitate the Doctor's recovery by homing in on his unconscious thoughts. The Doctor states that the interior exists outside time, with the police box presumably 'inside' time, though as we have seen on numerous occasions there is a physical



In *The Three Doctors* we learn that the TARDIS is powered by the energy of a black hole.

link between its aspects. Most interestingly, the Doctor seems to view the TARDIS as alive; much later, he will tell Tegan it is "like a person", and here he tells Jo that the relative time they experience between materialisations is at the TARDIS' whim, depending on "her mood".



Warning Connecting your TARDIS console to a nuclear reactor is *not* a good idea



The 'washing-up bowl' wall effect seen in *The Time Monster* ... and never again!

Time Ram – the exact physical collision of two TARDISes – is seen here also. This results in total destruction, and only the intervention of the god-like Kronos saves the Doctor, Jo and the Master. The Doctor also constructs a 'time flow analogue' (like the ones he used in schoolboy pranks at school in 'the Time Academy', which sounds a little bit like Hogwarts here) to stymy the Master's TARDIS, from some students' cutlery and wine bottles, claiming that "The relationship between the different molecular bonds and the actual shapes form a crystalline structure of ratios." Your guess is as good as mine on that one ...

The Time Monster is another turning point for the TARDIS, and its revelations would be referred to again and again in the series. In *Image of the Fendahl*, the Doctor tells Leela that her "primitive thought patterns" probably appealed to the telepathic circuits when she worships the console, which generates "a low-level telepathic field"; in *The Invasion of Time*, we even hear the TARDIS groan (in the Doctor's voice!) when Rodan manipulates its innards with her winkle-gruber. There would seem to be a symbiotic link between owner and TARDIS – something confirmed explicitly much later in *The Two Doctors*.

The Three Doctors sees the lifting of the Doctor's exile, but it is more interesting for the background it gives to the Time Lords' technology, and hence the TARDIS.

The colossal amounts of energy needed to travel in time (a neat reference back to *The Claws of Axos*) were provided by Omega when he exploded a star and created a black hole. Gallifrey and all its mechanics – and by implication, the TARDIS – are powered by the black hole, which is being drained by Omega to such a crippling extent that the Time Lords cannot spare the energy to physically embody the First Doctor, although the TARDIS clearly has enough power to make short hops in the anti-matter world. The Doctor uses the telepathic circuits to ask the Time Lords for help when UNIT is attacked by the Gell Guards (protected by the TARDIS' force field), as he will a little later to guide him to Spiridon at the close of *Frontier in Space*.

From the lifting of his three-year exile and the granting of a new dematerialisation circuit, the Doctor has much greater control of the TARDIS; perhaps when the Time Lords lifted the blocks on his memory they gave him back a bit more than he had before? I can't help feeling that this was a bit of a mistake. Though the TARDIS still does go wrong in fairly minor ways, from now on whenever it really matters – usually in Part Four – whether it's dashing after Sarah to Metebelis 3 in *Planet of the Spiders* or rescuing Sorenson from Zeta Minor in *Planet of Evil* – the Doctor can count on his ship to get him where he needs to go. The impact this

stepping outside the TV series for one moment, Justin Richards' decision to wipe out the Time Lords in the BBC Books, which more effectively restored the drama of the Doctor being alone and self-reliant. Ending a story with some blather about the TARDIS is hugely convenient for writers – believe me, I know! – but didn't we lose something along the way?

'Super-TARDIS' moments abound in the post-exile Pertwee stories; a link from the Scope to the TARDIS returns every single specimen to its own time in *Carnival of Monsters*; the 'yearometer' seems to be working again from *The Mutants* onwards; it follows the trail of

bizarrely and pointlessly replenish themselves from the exterior atmosphere (though the fungus of the Spiridon plants bungs up these invisible 'poles' on the police box shell).

Frontier in Space drops a couple of nice hints for TARDIS followers. It seems that at the point just before materialisation at least, the TARDIS is travelling in hyperspace. This is just writer Malcolm Hulke's way of getting the story off to a good visual start, but in the way of accidents it would explain a lot. So, the TARDIS emerges from the vortex first into hyperspace and then materialises fully in normal space; which perhaps explains why it's always been so vulnerable at precisely this point, "the most dangerous part of any journey." Rather like the spaceships



Time Ram!

Look, don't even think about it, okay?

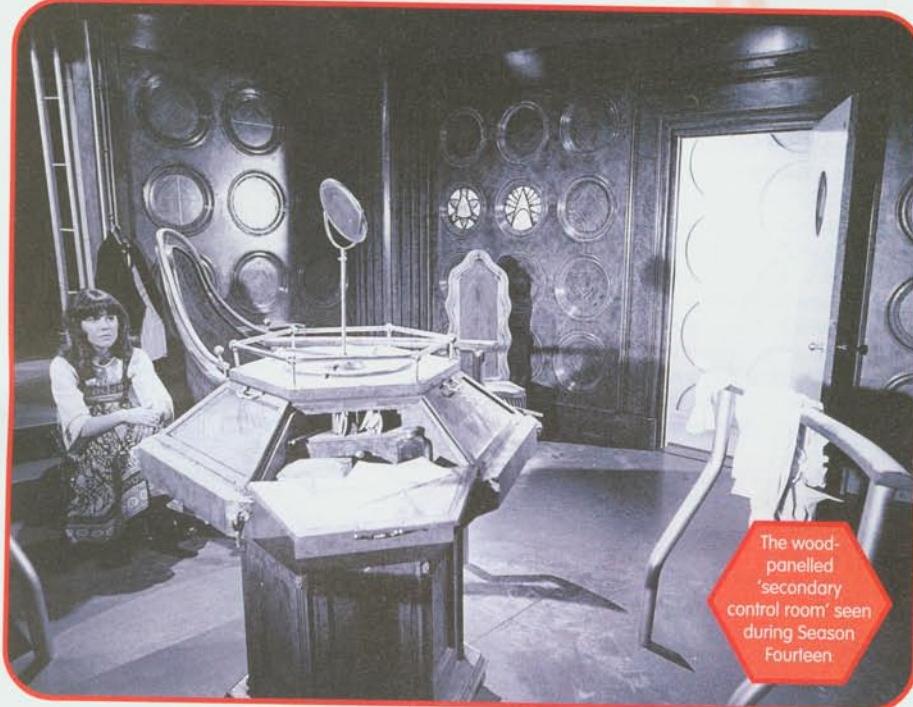


Empress and Hecate in *Nightmare of Eden*, the TARDIS' defences seem to be down in those few moments in hyperspace before complete materialisation. There's an even more dangerous scrape in *The Pirate Planet* as the materialising TARDIS almost gets Time-Rammed by the space-hopping planet Zanak. Perhaps those scanner views of 1963 London and Uxarieus can be accounted for; they are the view from hyperspace.

Also, Malcolm Hulke has perhaps been swotting up on his canon; the Doctor tells Jo (just like he told Susan) that he can accurately navigate if he knows precisely where he's leaving from – and claims in an aside that he 'always meant' to return the TARDIS to the Time Lords one day.

Although it makes its début in *The Time Warrior*, *Planet of the Spiders* gives us our first proper look at the new, more exotic, TARDIS key, presumably knocked up in a spare moment between invasions. The story also gives the Third Doctor a final moment of charm with his other 'old girl' when he tells the Brig and Sarah that he was "lost in the vortex" and that "the TARDIS brought me home." These are virtually his last words and are terribly significant; both the Doctor and the TARDIS itself have come to regard UNIT HQ and the Brigadier, initially the barely-tolerated symbols of his sentence of exile, as their 'home'.

Our hero's third regeneration changes this abruptly. As usual, the unstable new Doctor makes a sneaky bid for the TARDIS, and his irritation at being summoned back to Earth to deal with the Zygons is made concrete by his famous remark to Sarah in *Pyramids of Mars* that he's got "better things to do than run round after the Brigadier." This Doctor is much more of a wanderer, and casually severs his links with Earth and UNIT, preferring to deal with things himself – in later contemporary Earth stories such as *Image of the Fendahl* or *The Stones of Blood*, it never occurs to him to bother UNIT. *The Seeds of Doom* is the last story for many years in which he uses his rather shady official existence,



The wood-panelled 'secondary control room' seen during Season Fourteen

has on the series is to make the Doctor less fallible and alone; by the Peter Davison era the TARDIS often seems like a story-solving version of the bus in *The Double Deckers*, and everybody's favourite machiavellian manipulator the Seventh Doctor never has the slightest trouble with it. The net effect is to make the series a little more cosy and the Doctor a little more superhuman. The 1960s TARDIS is so unreliable it's even a little bit frightening; the restored TARDIS of the late 1970s and 80s is so remarkable you wonder why the Doctor doesn't rely on it even more. There have been a couple of attempts to address this, notably the half-hearted Randomiser (more of which later) and,

Linx's osmic projector with precision back to the twelfth century in *The Time Warrior*; there's no problem in following Sarah to exactly the right time and location on Metebelis 3 because "the co-ordinates are wired into the programmer" – whatever that means. We also get to see rather unimpressive fixtures and fittings that make it more like any old spaceship, particularly in Terry Nation's scripts. *Planet of the Daleks* and *Death to the Daleks* have their own unique view of the TARDIS, with its 'emergency power cells' coming into play after it gets clobbered by the Exilon City, a pull-out MFI-style bunk and lockers, a cassette(!) 'log', a crank handle for the doors, and oxygen cylinders that



Destiny of the Daleks
saw the TARDIS fitted with a 'Randomiser' device

and this coincides with an invigorating return to what *The Armageddon Factor*'s Shadow will rather elegantly describe as his "jackdaw meanderings". (The Shadow, obsessed as he is with the Key to Time, is being quite poetic here, as the Doctor in Season Sixteen is literally foraging about for shiny objects to pop into his nest.)

The TARDIS is absent for much of Season Twelve, giving an added layer of drama to *Genesis of the Daleks* with the substitution of a flimsy Time Ring. These or similar devices are clearly what propel individual Time Lords on such jaunts as the Tribunal's warning to the Doctor in *Terror of the Autons*. They offer protection from the vortex, which hints they were developed after the Doctor's departure from Gallifrey.

The Philip Hinchcliffe-produced seasons are notable for their lack of TARDIS action (probably the influence of Robert Holmes, who is never happy to be in there). The big innovation, starting with *Pyramids of Mars*, are establishing shots of the TARDIS exterior 'travelling' in what looks like normal space (only in *The Creature from the Pit* does it seem to be in the time vortex, as had previously been the norm since 1965's *The Chase*). These shots would be common until *Castrovalva*, but although they conveniently illustrate the TARDIS' travels, they're confusing from the conceptual viewpoint. *Underworld* shows the TARDIS for the first time in what will later be called 'hover mode', as Leela observes the formulation of matter at the edge of space; the Doctor has obviously by now fitted an 'automatic drift control'. Both Sutekh and the Mandragora Helix can penetrate the TARDIS as it 'flies' like this in normal space. Perhaps the Doctor, now very nifty with the TARDIS after the exile, can pilot it just like a rocket through space, only bringing the materialisation circuit into play for smooth landings and take-offs?

Pyramids contains the journey to Sutekh-blasted 1980, which very neatly ties up the question the audience had been asking since *The Time Meddler*, and the Doctor's endlessly-debated remark to Sutekh that the controls of the TARDIS are isomorphic. Robert Holmes went on record as saying that our hero was lying to Sutekh, and given the evidence of numerous other stories this seems just about reasonable – despite Sutekh's proven ability to read minds and uncover the Doctor's deceptions.

From this point on, the TARDIS is often characterised less as the mysterious wardrobe of the 1960s and telepathic 'old girl' of the Pertwee stories. Starting with *The Android Invasion* (where it's due its '500-year service') and going right up to *Time and the Rani* (where it's due to be booked in for its 'bicentennial refit'), it is compared very often to an unreliable old automobile; explicitly so by Romana, who refers to it as a 'vintage and veteran vehicle' like it was a Ford Model T. Implicitly this casts the Doctor as the eccentric owner of such an old banger; he talks to it, calls it 'she', and even kisses it better in *The Ribos Operation*.

The Android Invasion features Terry Nation's final fling with the TARDIS, and appropriately for this silly story it's a very silly one; the Doctor, unsure if he's got the TARDIS back to Earth, puts it on pause. If it turns out he's wrong, he can then complete the journey using the same wired-in co-ordinates. All well and good; except that the pause

control is taken off the moment the key goes back in the lock. Perhaps the pause control came fitted with the warning that it was sure to create a convenient story disaster? This may well be the dastardliest TARDIS function ever seen in the series!

The opening moments of *The Masque of Mandragora* show the TARDIS in a new light. Up to this point, there is nothing to suggest that the interior isn't much more than the control room, a lab and power room, and some fairly spartan living quarters. We now discover that the TARDIS is enormous, and this revelation plays a big part in the stories of the Fourth and Fifth Doctors. "There are no measurements in infinity!" the Doctor barks rudely when Sarah asks him how big the TARDIS actually is, before going on to say that she has a tiny brain, the rotter. There are vast stretches of corridors and tons of rooms, including a huge boot cupboard containing one pair of shoes. The clear implication here and in *The Invasion of Time* is that the TARDIS' interior is variable and at the operator's discretion; the Doctor can move the bits around and redecorate (using 'computers' with 'no imagination' according to *Underworld*). There is also at least one

other control room, in which are littered bric-a-brac from the earlier Doctors, though we never saw them in it. With its shaving mirror and comfy armchair, perhaps this was his retreat from his companions between journeys? *The Invasion of Time* expands the TARDIS even further, and hints that the architecture is somewhat unstable, as the Doctor and company are hounded round and round what appear to be the same corridors but perhaps aren't. There's a swimming pool, a conservatory, a sickbay and a workshop, all of which are radically different to the architecture of the control room. It's clear this is not fixed architecture;

The Doctor
hides in the
TARDIS' botanical
gardens during
The Invasion of Time

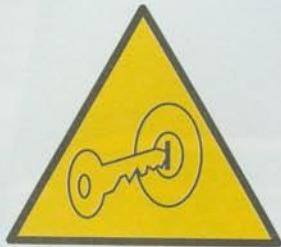


Warning
Continual over-riding of
your randomizer will allow
you to be tracked by the
Black Guardian, stupid!

not only does Borusa tell the Doctor to stabilise his "pedestrian infrastructure", but we actually see the Doctor's decoration of the TARDIS' ancillary power station fading away. The artworks on display would seem to be mapped in by the Doctor, not the originals – and it's an intriguing glimpse of what the Doctor considers a good selection: Turner's *The Fighting Temeraire* is appropriately a depiction of an old ship being broken up; van Eyck's *The Arnolfini Marriage* with its trick mirror; and the more abstract *Seri* by Matisse. Interestingly in the next season, the Doctor seems to have taken Borusa's advice to heart and shut down his 'pedestrian infrastructure' almost totally; the wardrobe is now in the control room, and the interior door now leads to a limbo and a wonderfully archaic 1950s refrigerator in which to keep the segments of the Key to Time.

The Fourth Doctor's visits to Gallifrey tell us more about the TARDIS than we ever needed to know; it is an obsolete Type 40 TT capsule protected by a double curtain trimonic barrier; this can be penetrated with a cypher indent key. Co-ordinator Engin also mentions that the Doctor's brain has "an unusually high level of artron energy," suggesting with further evidence from Four to Doomsday, that the TARDIS' power source has somehow contaminated the Doctor through their long acquaintance.

A rather
beautiful shot
of the TARDIS
control room from
*The Invasion
of Time*



Attention

Your pause control may create an oh-so-convenient but deeply unsatisfying story disaster

Omega's black hole, now rather confusingly recast as Rassilon's Eye of Harmony, is established as the power source for everything to do with Gallifrey and the Time Lords, including the TARDIS. And while the Doctor has a high opinion of the TARDIS, K9 – in communion with its telepathic circuits – is seen to think of it as "a very stupid machine." Don't worry about 'temporal grace' – I'll discuss that next time in the light of *Arc of Infinity*. Wish me luck ...

The Graham Williams-produced stories often make mock of Doctor Who's reliance on gadgetry and technical solutions. *The Invasion of Time* alone gives us the Doctor hooking K9 to the Matrix via the console to search out the co-ordinates of the Vardan homeworld; he later links control of Gallifrey's defences directly to the console with the aid of

Rodan (who thinks it's a "pile of junk" and that the Doctor should get himself a "new Model 706"; when the failsafe is set, the interior is impenetrable; removing the primary refraction tube means the systems cannot be reset and blocks life-sign scanners, unless you bypass them by turning off the ancillary power generator. Phew!

As if this wasn't enough, Season

Fifteen also gives us the relative dimensional stabiliser – according to Underworld, this is what makes the 'engine noise' of materialization – which seems to be the device that stabilises the dimensions of the TARDIS, both interior and exterior. Luckily for continuity hounds, it can be used to shrink people (in both *The Invisible Enemy* and *The Armageddon Factor*), which ties in remarkably nicely with *Planet of Giants*. If you reverse the stabiliser banks, the interior ends up sucked into a 'black star' – presumably the Eye of Harmony. Whether these are any relation to the 'molecular stabilisers' that can patch up K9's Ogri-induced wounds in *The Stones of Blood* is not made clear.

The 'Time Spiral' of *The Sun Makers* suggests a limit set on travel into the future; and the TARDIS can be dangerously compromised by a rudimentary Sonic Time Scanner. We also see that the illiterate and innumerate (but not stupid) Leela has been taught (in the wooden control room) by the Doctor to programme the co-ordinates of the TARDIS, which can now be punched in in a rather elementary fashion. This is a real baffle; on almost every other occasion before or since that a companion has operated the TARDIS it's been a complex task that ended in disaster. Just a few stories later, even Romana is using a Type 40 manual to land the TARDIS by the book, and is horrified to learn that the Doctor never bothers to use the synchronic feedback or the multi-loop stabiliser.

The Armageddon Factor sees the most blatant ever use of the TARDIS as a convenient problem-solver. The Doctor tells the Shadow it's 'covered with automatic defence mechanisms', and indeed it knocks the Shadow back with a

blinding light, very like it kicked out that nosy Zarbi. And then, the Doctor somehow uses the force field to knock aside a nuclear missile! The production office seemed to realise the TARDIS was becoming a bit of a cop-out, and so the Doctor fits it with a Randomiser, designed to restore the thrilling random elements of his 1960s adventures.

Incredibly, the Randomiser barely lasts a season, as if the production team comes to resent its creation instantly. It's appropriately silly that its first two random jumps take the TARDIS to Skaro and

twentieth-century Earth, the two places the marauding Black Guardian would be most likely to look for him anyway. But from Part Two of *City of Death* onwards, it might as well not be there. The storytelling dynamics of the series have shifted, and the creators can't be bothered to follow through and shift them back. Soon the TARDIS is whizzing about with utter precision again, from Paris to Leonardo's workshop; its 'gravity tractor beam' can tether a neutron star *a la* the Starship Enterprise; its power can separate the Empress and the Hecate; you can spin it like a cricket ball to deflect an asteroid; you can even extrude the force field to walk in space. All of these accomplishments are done with frequent references to its age and instability, and in the final 1970s story, *The Horns of Nimon*, the console is falling to bits and even explodes with a comedy clown-car sound effect, but there is really no doubt that the TARDIS is back to being an all-purpose problem-solver.

This is a great pity.

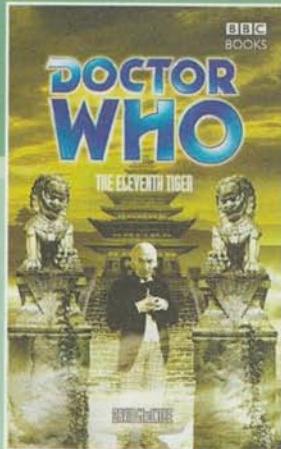
If the production team had had a little more confidence in the Randomiser, and been more rigorous in their storytelling, the story of Doctor Who in the 1980s could have been very different indeed ...



COMING UP... EXTRA!



ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE COLLINS



THE ELEVENTH TIGER

PUBLISHED 3 MAY

Featuring The First Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki

Setting China, 1865

Enemies Wong Fei-Hung – maybe ...

You'll Like This If You Like ...

Once Upon A Time In China, Iron Monkey,

The Aztecs, The Romans, The Shadow of Weng-Chiang, encounters of the spooky kind!

Say What?

"His head felt as if it had burst like a soap bubble, and he was certain that if he could see anything other than blackness, it would surely be the red of blood. The blackness had crushed him, and jammed his lungs solid. Every bone in his body burned inside its sheath of flesh, but his head burned worst of all."

"ISN'T HE THAT MASTER GUY?"

DAVID A McINTEE INTERVIEWED BY DAVID DARLINGTON

It may have come as a surprise to you, flicking through DWM's We Love Doctor Who anniversary special a few months back, to see the name 'David A McIntee' prominently positioned at number 13 in the top 20 best Doctor Who writers. This month's *The Eleventh Tiger* is his twelfth Doctor Who novel, but his is a longevity born of consistency and reliability rather than the more prominent, ethos-shattering iconoclasm of Miles, Orman, Shearman or Magrs. And yet, for such consistency to result in one being voted – by you, the fans – as the 13th best Doctor Who writer ever, ahead of the disparate likes of John Lucarotti, Marc Platt, Chris Boucher and Kate Orman, is undeniably something of an achievement. But what does he think ...?

It's more than ten years since *White Darkness*, and now you've got yet another new Doctor Who novel coming out from the BBC. That's a long time to be working within one franchise. What got you involved in the first place? I had pitched some ideas to the TV show, but didn't get anywhere, because the show ended. Then I heard that Virgin was producing original novels based on Doctor Who. With most publishers, either you have to have an agent or some previous experience, but not here, so I thought this would be a good way in to professional writing. And also, I got so much pleasure out of the series over so many years, it's nice to give something back and to continue adding to that.

I pitched an idea to Peter Darvill-Evans [Virgin range editor] called *Möbius Trip* – a terrible pun! It was a weird idea that should have ended up in *Voyager* or *Enterprise*. It was about this spatial anomaly where two universes were each inside the other one. I got a knockback, saying "Can you think bigger?" Bigger than two universes?! So I pitched *White Darkness*. I'm a big HP Lovecraft fan, and I'd just read *The Serpent and the Rainbow* by Wade Davis, which is about Haiti.

An obvious point of reference was surely *Live and Let Die*? I knew that was going to happen. The best thing to do is acknowledge that, and say "Live and Let Die did it this way, but

here's a more accurate version" – though I got sidetracked by the character of Carrefour, who was supposed to be a one-paragraph homage to *Live and Let Die*, but started insinuating himself into other bits of the book. Characters do that.

As a 'non-creative' writer, I can't help thinking that surely you're in charge?

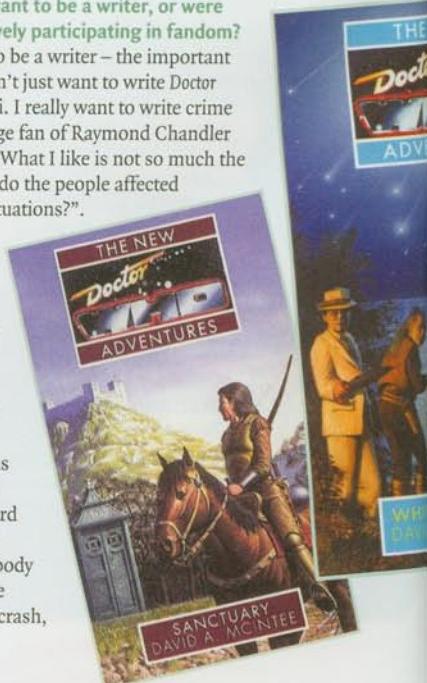
Not always. Some characters turn out stronger than others, or more in tune with your thoughts, and they come to the fore whether you intended that or not. Others do the opposite; with someone who was meant to be the main character, you can end up thinking "What can I do with this guy?"

Did you always want to be a writer, or were you just pro-actively participating in fandom?

I always wanted to be a writer – the important thing is that I didn't just want to write Doctor Who, or even sci-fi. I really want to write crime novels – I'm a huge fan of Raymond Chandler and James Ellroy. What I like is not so much the mystery, as "how do the people affected deal with these situations?"

That's come more to the fore since

I was in a car crash a couple of years ago. When the paramedics arrived, my heart had stopped – which means I was dead, essentially. And that does weird things to you. For instance, if somebody had asked me, five minutes after the crash,



DOCTOR WHO

THE MISSING ADVENTURES

THE SHADOW OF WENG-CHIANG
DAVID A. MCINTEE

"Do you want to do that again?" I'd have said "Yes!" – I was asleep before it happened and woke up in the middle of it, and what a rush! Ultimate roller-coaster ride! Ask me two days later and you get a different answer, of course – busted ankle and collarbone, broken ribs all down one side ... Anyway, after that crash, my dad noticed how tense I had become in their car, my knees digging into the back of the seat in front, and I had no conscious idea of that. That's the sort of response that interests me. I'd never had such an experience, but now I know what it's like, and I really want to draw on that.

So once *White Darkness* was on the shelves, was that the ambition fulfilled? Or did you always want to keep working within Doctor Who?

I'd enjoyed the experience and wanted to do it again, although if somebody had asked me to write something other than Doctor Who I'd have

said yes. But *White Darkness* was a good experience and one

I wanted to repeat – although eventually I got too comfortable doing Doctor Who, and maybe got kind of lazy. That shows in a lot of the books I wrote in the late 1990s, where I was writing two a year. I hope that recently, where I've gone back to doing one every couple of years, the quality has picked up. On the internet rankings I tend to be somewhere in the middle, and I suspect that the reason why is probably because half the readers think "Wow, I love this" and the other half think "God, this is horrible, I hate it!" I hope the new book might impress some of the people who've previously hated my stuff, but that means that some of the people who previously liked me might think "What's this rubbish? He's lost it..."

One aspect of the last few books I've appreciated is that you're not over-writing as much as you used to ...

That's deliberate. You vary your style depending on the setting and the characters. *Sanctuary* has the most 'over-writing', it has very long sentences – I wanted to get that impression of a time where we didn't have so many abbreviations and colloquialisms. Also, if a story is set in a time where things are very different to how they are now, I like to describe more. So in the case of *Sanctuary* again, with a scene set in a castle, readers might tend to think of a castle as we see them now, stone walls and so on – but castles weren't like that, of course, they had plaster on the walls, with murals and hunting scenes painted on. Whereas, if it's a modern story and someone jumps into a taxi, everybody knows what a taxi is...

"I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A WRITER. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT I DIDN'T JUST WANT TO WRITE DOCTOR WHO OR SCI-FI."

Which brings up the issue of research – getting the details right is obviously something which concerns you.

Well, where it's not going to conflict with the drama, yes. One thing which bugs me about *White Darkness* is the death of the Haitian President, because it's not accurate and it would not affect the drama if it had been – and that's because the reference book containing the details about that came out in October 1993, just too late to be of use. Sometimes reliance on research has a downside. I don't just mean the tendency to go overboard with detail, which I know I've done – but, for instance, in *The Eleventh Tiger* I wanted to show what a historical character like Wong Fei-Hung was really like. The problem is there's absolutely no material, no biography – the few stories that exist are fiction. That really buggered things up ...

Despite the historical coating, though, *The Eleventh Tiger* is an SF story underneath.

Originally it was going to be a straightforward Chinese fantasy, a ghost story, where I wouldn't explain the magical elements. In the end, though, I came up with an interesting technobabble explanation for the Doctor to give.

A Chris Bidmead kind of explanation – taking an aspect of not particularly advanced science, and extrapolating from it?

Well, I've always admired Bidmead – *Frontios* is the best Davison story. And if you're going to do SF you have to have some basis for it, no matter how much you dress it up. And sometimes you can take the science and make a

joke out of it. Doctor Who isn't hard SF, it's science fantasy, and sometimes just fantasy. I mean, what's the difference between a demon in a box and an alien mind parasite? Nothing!

Also in *The Eleventh Tiger* you revisited a theme from your audio drama *Excelis Rising*, about buildings holding memories of the people who inhabited them.

Yeah – I called it a "structural phonograph", which was kind of a gag, as it was a Victorian way of saying "stone tape" [The Stone Tape being Nigel Kneale's seminal 1970s TV ghost story]! Sometimes I return to old themes, like loyalty and betrayal. The big themes! It's not that I wasn't happy with *Excelis Rising*, but because it was just a one-disc story, there was a lot I couldn't fit in, so there was still some mileage in it.

How did *Excelis* come about in the first place?

I had an e-mail from [Big Finish producer] Gary Russell, that went to a number of writers, saying they were planning this mini-series, and asking if anyone was interested in pitching. I pitched, not thinking I would get it, and I got an e-mail eventually saying "Can you do the script?" – as uncomplicated as that! I wrote it in ten days, and got a mail back from Gary saying it was fab. No rewrites – well, he took out one gag, which was a *Carry On* thing about "peace on – peace off", and put in a few lines between the Doctor and the thief just to clarify where all the characters were at one point in the narrative, but that was it.

Going way back to the point, when you came to write your second novel, *First Frontier*, you were given the chance to utilise a character which many people regard as one of your obsessions – the Master.

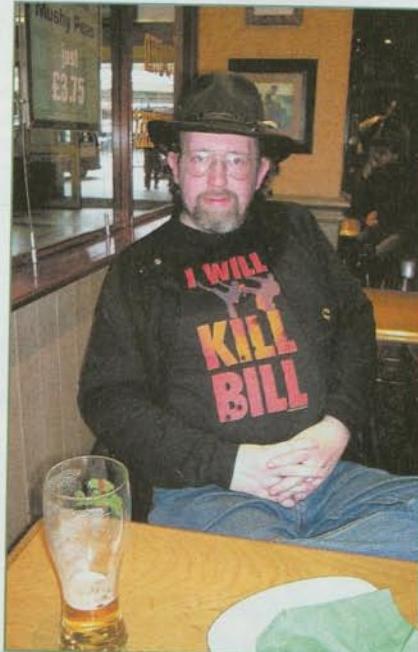
People do say this, yes! I remember a review of *Wages of Sin* which said "You sometimes wonder, in a McIntee book, if the Master hasn't turned up by chapter whatever, there must have been a misprint"! But I've

only used him three times. Twelve books, three times! I think he's an interesting character. The anti-Doctor, equal but opposite – which is why I think the Valeyard's a waste of time, we've already got the Master – and I really wanted to explore the relationship between him and the Doctor. That's why there's a moral argument between them in *First Frontier*. Which the Master wins! The Doctor will give a lecture about non-violence, and then blow something up, whereas the Master is at least more honest. I also wanted to bring back some of the charm and depth that was lost in some of the later TV stories. But I've done all I wanted to do with him now.

Of your subsequent novels featuring him, *The Dark Path* explored the character's origins, but *Face of the Enemy* was a more traditional Master story.

Except that he's the hero! I put that in because in, I think, *The Claws of Axos*, for about half of one of the episodes, he gets forced into such a position, and just based on Delgado's performance in that I thought "I have to do this!" But you don't want to turn him 'good' – everything he does, he does for his own reasons, even if that coincides with what we would think of as the 'good' thing to do. Actually, while the proposal for *The Eleventh Tiger* was sitting on the desk of Justin Richards [BBC range consultant], I became a bit paranoid that he might think it was too close in tone to Andrew Cartmel's *Telos* novella *Foreign Devils*, which only came out after I'd submitted my proposal. So I sent in another proposal with the Fifth Doctor and the Master, as a back-up plan in case they scrapped *Eleventh Tiger*. Justin tells me that that has now cycled back down to the bottom of the pile of proposals, so you never know, you might see another Master story.

I pitched *The Dark Path* as a sort of thematic prequel to *Apocalypse Now*, with Koschei – the character who eventually becomes the Master – as Colonel Kurtz. I wanted to find out how the Master got to be the way he is. There are a lot of



No, it's "MACK-in-tee"!

Being as Scottish as Sylvester McCoy, Kenny Dalglish, Christopher Brookmyre and square sliced sausage, I know how to pronounce it. However, it's become very apparent over the last few years that nobody in England does. At all. Everyone thinks it's Muh-KIN-ty ...

"I sometimes thought I should change it to Buthelezi. Everyone, news readers, what have you, no matter who they are, can pronounce 'Mangusotho Chief Buthelezi'. But they can't pronounce 'McIntee' ...?"

Nick Courtney got it right on *Degrees of Truth*, though – I kept telling people "See! Told you!"

"That's only because I specifically put in a note on the manuscript explaining how to pronounce it! Mind you, I heard that Nick had been telling people at conventions how much he liked that story, which was nice. I saw him at the Dimensions convention recently, and thanked him for making it much better than it was!"

Oh, and that bloke in *Sanctuary* is GEE de Carnac, in case anyone was in any doubt ...

changes between the original draft and the finished book, not all of which I agree with. The main problem is Ailla, Koschei's companion, regenerating at the end. Originally, Ailla died. My idea was that the Doctor has never known love in the way we describe it – but what if the Master has? Not that he's sleeping with her or anything crass like that, but he's been party to this very deep companionship, and so he can't handle it when she dies. The idea being that the Doctor, who's never known love, is the good guy – but the Master, who has, is the bad guy. That would give you much better depth of character, as opposed to the finished version, where she survives and turns out to be a Time Lord, and the Master thinks "She's betrayed me, I'll turn evil!" instead of "Thank God she's still alive!" – I hate that.

Aare you aware of what other writers have done with the Master since then?

Vaguely – I've got *Prime Time* and *Legacy of the Daleks*.

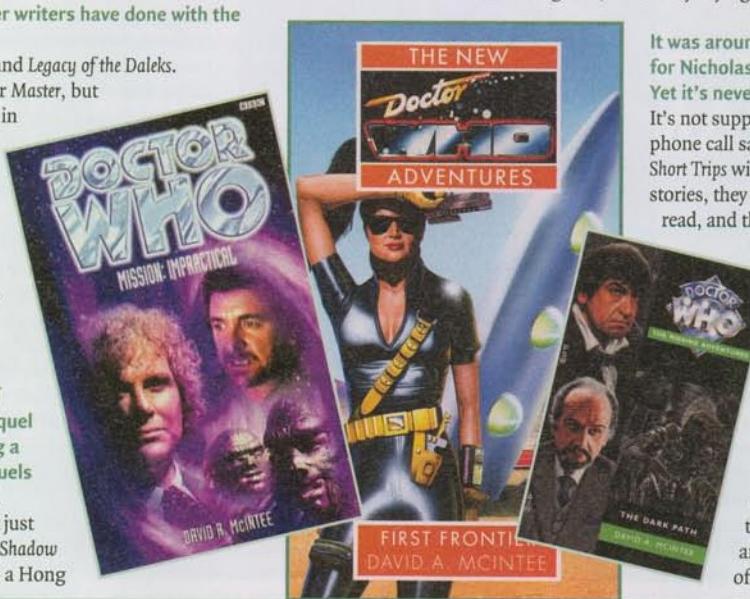
I haven't heard *Dust Breeding* or *Master*, but

I know roughly what goes on in them. People asked me when *Prime Time* and *Dust Breeding* came out, "Aren't you bothered about this contradicting *First Frontier*?"

No – my job was to tell the stories I wanted to tell, not to protect the character for the rest of time!

You mentioned the status of *Dark Path* as a thematic prequel – in fact, you were producing a few rather more explicit sequels and prequels, at that time ...

Yes, that wasn't intentional, it just turned out that way. With *The Shadow of Weng-Chiang*, I wanted to do a Hong



"I HAD DONE ALL THE DOCTORS – BUT NOW THERE'S A NEW ONE! IT'S ALL A CONSPIRACY TO KEEP ME WRITING BOOKS!"

Kong movie, a John Woo sort of thing, so it seemed natural to have Triad gangs, or a Tong, in it. I could have created a new one, but people would have asked "Why not use the Tong of the Black Scorpion, and make it a sequel to *Talons*?" And also *Talons* was my favourite TV story, so if anybody was going to do a sequel to it, I'd rather it was me – at least that way, if it's rubbish, I haven't anyone else to blame.

You must have been fully aware, though, that you were leaving yourself open to other people responding with precisely that attitude?

Oh yeah! You go into things with your eyes open. I also did *Lords of the Storm*, which started out as a Second Doctor and Cybermen story, but Virgin had just published or commissioned *Killing Ground*, so they asked me to change mine to Sontarans so it could tie in with Terrance Dicks' novelisation of *Shakedown*. I was going through a bad patch at the time, so I wasn't as focussed on the book as I should have been, and it shows. There are some good bits, but it's one I'd do differently now.

And of course, *The Dark Path* was only your first 'farewell tour' ...

It's the only time I've said "I'm not doing another one"! Since then I think I've said I could foresee a time where I wouldn't be doing one, and I also think that now I've done the complete set of Doctors, I can quit if I want to. Though now there's a new Doctor ... it's all a conspiracy to keep me writing books!

But the reason for quitting after *The Dark Path* was that I'd been told that the BBC was going to publish the Doctor Who range as children's books ... but a few months later Gary Russell told me that wasn't the deal at all. Subsequently, when Steve Cole [then BBC Books editor] phoned me up and I thought I might as well pitch something, I don't think, since then, that I've been foolish enough to say I wasn't doing another one. Never say never!

Now admit it – *Mission Impractical* was ripping off *The Blues Brothers*, wasn't it? Oh yeah – it's my favourite movie! I used [DWM comic strip companion] Frobisher because when it came to doing a Sixth Doctor story, my options for companions were either Mel or a whiny fake American or a big talking Penguin. These days I'd probably go for the whiny fake American as it would be a bigger challenge. But I've always loved Frobisher. To me, the Sixth Doctor's era is the DWM comic strips. The storyline started off as a proposal for a Virgin Bernice Summerfield book.

Does the recycling of a Benny plot mean that you were struggling for ideas? At the time I'd have said I wasn't, but with hindsight I was, and that probably shows. I was doing too much of the same thing, too much Doctor Who. If you're doing a lot of the same thing, they start to blend together.

That makes sense even to me as a reader – I sometimes can't remember which is which out of books like *Autumn Mist* and *Wages of Sin*.

Yeah, they came out, what, four or five months apart? And that's not good. I don't think they're bad, but if they'd been further apart they could have been better. In the case of *Autumn Mist*, I'd noticed that often, by the end of a story, every character knows everything about the story. And real life's not like that, you only know about the bits of story you directly interacted with. So I wrote *Autumn Mist*, and discovered that when you do it realistically it doesn't work! It makes it seem like a set of unconnected events, rather than a flowing plot. Part of the inspiration for *Bullet Time* was that I didn't really like the whole Virgin 'Dark Doctor' thing. So I wrote a book using him, essentially saying, "You do realise he's the villain, don't you ...?"

It was around that time that you wrote *Degrees of Truth* for Nicholas Courtney to read on the *Short Trips* cassette. Yet it's never actually been printed ...

It's not supposed to be printed. After *Face of the Enemy* I got a phone call saying the BBC was doing an audio version of *Short Trips* with Nick Courtney and Sophie Aldred reading the stories, they would like a 'bonus' story for Nick Courtney to read, and they were sufficiently impressed with *Face of the*

Enemy to ask me to write that. But it's written to be listened to – if you read it, it's not the same. When I did a story for *More Short Trips* [*Romans Cutaway*], they asked if I just wanted *Degrees of Truth* reprinted, or did I want to write another one? So I could have got money for nothing, but I said no, because that story simply doesn't work if you just read it. The medium you're working in is very important. When *Shadow of Weng-Chiang* came out, Dave Owen said in DWM that he thought I was working in the wrong medium, and there's some truth in that. There are a couple of books I've 'directed' rather than written.

Of course, as you mentioned yourself earlier, *Doctor Who* is coming back to television. DWM readers might even have noticed too! Do you think it's a good idea?

Everything I've heard Mal Young saying, and everything I've heard Russell Davies saying, I've thought "Perfect! That's the way to do it!"

Would you write for it, if asked?

There's about as much chance of that as of Osama Bin Laden getting the Nobel Peace Prize! If I was asked, I would – it would be a challenge – but realistically, they're only going to ask people who've got TV experience, and they're quite right to do that. On the other hand, if someone said to me "What would be your dream job with regard to the new series?" – I'd love to direct one! I've no idea how to do it, I've no experience, but I'd love to find out. That would be an interesting thing to explore ...

Degrees of Truth is amongst the stories included on the forthcoming MP3-CD, Tales From The Tardis Volume One. Over nine hours of listening on a single disc, scheduled for release (along with Volume 2) on 5 July.



DWM REVIEWS

**WARNING:
SPOILERS AHEAD!**



ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

DOCTOR WHO: THE GREEN DEATH

DVD BBC WORLDWIDE
AUTHOR ROBERT SLOMAN
RRP £19.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP



Three things have to be said when talking about *The Green Death* – it's a Doctor Who critic's duty, and I think it might even be law. They are: mention that it's the story where Jo leaves, knock its dodgy 'colour separation overlay' and call it 'the one with the maggots'. Well, yes, 'the one with the maggots' has got some pretty appalling CSO, but that's as much a part of Pertwee Doctor Who as Bessie is. In fact, come the new series, I'm fully expecting a wave of nostalgia for the sloppy unsophistication of CSO. Its use could almost be called part of the original series' house style, and I think we'll miss its cosy awfulness more than we think. Anway, the only really poor effect here is the giant fly. Barry Letts is groaning about it on the commentary as early as Episode Three, so let's avoid the pain and not mention it again, except to say that, as *The Green Death* was one of the first Doctor Who books I ever had, and its cover illustration of the fly (drawn as big as a bus and shown swooping down on the Doctor) was so dramatic to my young eyes, my brain has all but replaced the disappointing actuality of what appears on screen with the Target version. Thanks, brain!

Jo's departure is something really worth talking about, though. Her decision to leave the Doctor and UNIT for Cliff and the Amazon is tearful, but oh, what a lovely couple they make! He's the hippy scientist with a Nobel Prize, she's the kooky UNIT girl that never passed an exam. He makes discoveries, she makes mistakes. He looks a bit like an early Rod Stewart, and, up to a point, so does she. Ahh, Jo and Cliff! He grows mushrooms, she likes rings. They met, she spilt stuff, they fell in love. So runs the story of Doctor Who's most touching and genuine romance. *Sleepless in Llanfairfach?* No, *Serendipity, Actually*. Losing Jo to Professor Jones has long marked *The Green Death* out as the story that signals the beginning of the end for the Pertwee era. Well, I'm not so sure about that. Although it's sad to see her go, Jo's leaving is one of the things that makes *The Green Death* so good and so different. It gives the story a genuine sense of loss and a feeling of change that, by Season Ten, was long overdue. The great failure of the Pertwee era is, need I say, the UNIT family – not the fact that they were there at all, just that they were overused, and stayed pretty much intact for five long years. Jo's departure is the nearest UNIT came to suffering a

serious casualty. Far from de-railing the show, however, it actually invigorates it, providing just the right emotional spark to encourage the rest of the team to give their best performances for some time – particularly Pertwee, who acts the whole thing with great subtlety and effectiveness.

Another reason *The Green Death* feels different is ... well, because it is! Superficially, things look pretty much the same as other UNIT stories – the Brigadier, Benton and Yates supply it with a full complement of regulars, there's plenty of action and plenty of monsters. But whereas most stories were Quatermass knock-offs, *The Green Death* is *Doomwatch* – its horrors are ecological and man-made. Like the short run of non-extraterrestrial stories it seemed to inspire –

Pertwee stories, written and performed well enough to make you care for almost everyone on screen. Every home should have one, boyo.

DVD EXTRAS

Further down the list of things to say about *The Green Death* is, of course, that it was partly filmed in Wales – not that it'll be so unusual soon! In fact, it's a shame there isn't a *Now and Then* feature amongst the extras to show us if the Nuthutch or the building used for Global Chemicals are still there, or, most poignantly, if the mine still stands like a rusting monument to another age as this story predicted. There is, though, perhaps the beginning of another semi-regular feature here, as Visual Effects Designer Colin Mason builds a giant maggot in what's looks like a

"JO'S LEAVING IS ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MAKES THIS STORY SO GOOD"

Invasion of the Dinosaurs and *Robot* – the real enemy is greed and the misuse of science. The only problem with the story is that its plot is a bit too big for its resolution. The Llanfairfach branch of Global Chemicals is destroyed, but what about all their other refineries across the world – what's happening with their chemical waste? And do they all have a BOSS super-computer hidden on the top floor?

But I really don't want to nit-pick at this story. To my mind, *The Green Death* is the start of the Pertwee renaissance. A renaissance built on a wider variety of settings and story types, and the need to develop and push its characters on a bit. *The Green Death* has bags of energy and charm. It's one of the best

particularly grisly *Blue Peter* 'make'. The 'how's and 'why's of Doctor Who monster-making have always been curiously ignored, which is odd considering how many fans share stories of how they – or more specifically, their Dads and Granddads – spent days in cold garages knocking up rough approximations of Daleks and K9s. 25 years ago, when this magazine was a Weekly, the letters page was full of this kind of thing, and, depending on the type of monsters the new Doctor might meet, might be again in a few months' time. After this, I'm sure a few Dads will be pressed back out in the cold to come up with a *Green Death* maggot. Me? I'm waiting for the 'Build your own Zarbi' feature ...

ALSO RELEASED

PROFESSOR BERNICE SUMMERFIELD: DEATH AND THE DALEKS
AUDIO DRAMA, BIG FINISH, £13.99



Television Doctor Who, of course, bank-rolled Dalek stories for all sorts of reasons – ratings, publicity, because of the notion that every Doctor should meet them at least once, or just because they could! The very rarest reason was because there was a good story to tell. Big Finish's use of the creatures has been no different. Daleks sell. They create interest. Some stories have been worth telling, some have been exceptional and others haven't. However Big Finish has managed to do what Terry Nation never did – successfully use the Daleks' pulling power to interest people in other projects that don't involve the Doctor at all. The problem is, if these fail, the whole thing can just look like a cynical exercise in making money; a tawdry piece of exploitation of both the Daleks and the buyer. In many ways – in fact, in every way – Dalek crossover projects have to be the equal, if not even better, than the real thing. Which brings me eventually to Bernice Summerfield and the cheekily titled *Death and the Daleks*.

This adventure brings to an end a run of 'monster stories' that, in part, have been designed to raise the Professor's profile. Whether they have, and whether Benny's been enjoying increased sales because of them, I've no idea. The thing that's really improved Benny's adventures recently hasn't been the parade of familiar monsters but the darker, more disciplined tone they've taken. Still, if there's one monster story that's going to tempt new listeners to Benny or old ones back, it's this one. The good news is that everyone – the Daleks, Benny, Brax and all the rest – comes out of this extremely well. There is, though, one teeny tiny problem. *Death and the Daleks* follows directly on from the book anthology *Life During Wartime*, which saw Benny's home-world and the Braxiatel Collection fall under the occupation of the Nazi-like Fifth Axis. Readers of that excellent book will find the dramatised recap of its events at the beginning of this audio very rewarding. Newcomers, on the other hand, might wonder – just for a minute or two – what they've gotten into. But, in fact, it's this bigger picture that makes this story feel like it really counts for something. This isn't some backwater story for the Daleks, full of lunatic and ill-thought-out plans. Instead it's a fascinating use of them, one that reveals them to be grand 'puppet-masters' and in a way that feels right and obvious when you consider the Kaled race as they appeared in *Genesis of the Daleks*.

Mapson clearly hasn't lost any of his skill at maggot-making, and neither has writer Robert Sloman lost any of his enthusiasm over the issues raised by his script, or Stewart Bevan lost his fondness for the part of Cliff. Both interviews are a bit short, but valuable, as Sloman has always been a bit of a background figure and, as far as I'm aware, we've never heard anything at all from Bevan, who seems very taken with Professor Jones' views, and impressed with how much the story foretold our modern world.

Which brings me to *Global Conspiracy?*, in which Bevan resumes his role as Professor

Jones, now with a Linda McCartney-style range of protein fungus foods to his name. I'm already feeling spoilt by the levels of recent comedy on these discs – spoilt and proud, knowing that it's as slick, sharp and funny as the best of TV's output, but that it's totally for us fans, with gags only we're likely to get. Where *Pyramids of Mars*? Oh Mummy skit took the sublimely silly approach of the Airplane films, *Global Conspiracy?* is more like news satire *The Day Today*, with Mark Gatiss as self-important reporter Terry Scanlon, back at Llanfairfach to investigate a resurgence of giant maggots. Gatiss' script is

clever and affectionate, and the idea of catching up with those characters who survived *The Green Death* is inspired. I can easily see more outings for the inflated Scanlon, mopping up the loose ends of other UNIT stories.

As for the commentary, with Barry Letts, Terrance Dicks and Katy Manning, for those who only dip into these things, the first episode's is the best and most insightful. The rest falls into a 'say what you see' approach. Dicks especially, though, is cherishing and good value throughout. All in all, another wonderful release.

DOCTOR WHO: THE WHEEL IN SPACE

SOUNDTRACK BBC RADIO COLLECTION
AUTHOR DAVID WHITAKER
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP



Poor old *Wheel in Space*. It hangs around the end of Season Five like a weird relative nobody wants to talk about. Its reputation is as the story that let the side down; the one that brought to an end a strong run of classics. Its problem is one of stature – it hasn't got any. In terms of on-screen horror, its bedfellows tower over it, and for most of its length it only boasts two Cybermen – and they're those odd, 'halfway house' ones, with the straw-hole mouths and wet-suits, and that strange banding bit on the legs that makes them look like they're wearing space-suspenders.

The most common view of *Wheel* is that it looks like it comes from Season Six. If people could chop seasons up more neatly, just how they wanted them, that's where most people would put it. Which is fair enough – it introduces Wendy Padbury as Zoe, has a blandness about its design, and generally feels that it goes on that bit too long. Primarily, though – and perhaps most unjustly – it's because it has a boxy Servo Robot, whose squat dimensions and squeeze-box arms and legs remind us of the Quarks and Krotons. Of course, all this 'season' business – what type of story was made when, and whether we can trace a consistency in it – all goes out the window once you start talking about production blocks. Not only was *The Wheel in Space* made in Season Five's production block, but so was *The Dominators*!

Once you start to look at *The Wheel in Space*, however, I mean really look at it –

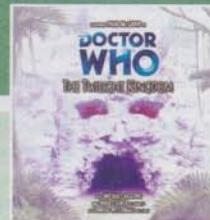
taking its back off and rooting around in its plot – it's pretty clear that the story's in the right place after all. The *Wheel* presents yet another isolated human outpost run by another irascible controller. But the difference in the Cybermen's plan of invasion



to that of, say, the Great Intelligence's, is the detail – it's absolutely meticulous. Which is fine – or would be, if it didn't quite take up as much screen time as it does! As the majority of Cybermen stories are re-writes and refinements of each other, it doesn't take too long before the basics of David Whitaker's plot come round again to form the first and best half of *Revenge of the Cybermen*. They're like relay races really, with writers passing on the baton of plot with a "Here ya go – see what you can do with it!"

DOCTOR WHO: THE TWILIGHT KINGDOM

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR WILL SHINDLER
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN



f this third run of Eighth Doctor audio stories has proved one thing, it's that expectations can be treacherous. After the titanic *Zagreus* came the original and ergonomic *Scherzo*, exemplifying a new

direction for Doctor Who. Without one's expectations being raised by that, *The Creed of the Kromon* might not have been quite so depressingly workaday, but that in itself made *The Natural History of Fear* seem even

Earthshock nicks *Revenge*'s destruction of a planet, first by explosives, then by driving a spaceship into it; *Revenge* nicks *The Wheel in Space*'s slow infiltration of a space-station by Cybermats. Now, although it's never been fashionable to say good things about *Revenge*, it does improve on this side of things quite a lot. Its use of plague-carrying Cybermats is much more visually dramatic than Whitaker's idea of them consuming bernalium like it's cheese. It's also a lot more direct, and efficient enough to allow some room for a good old fight or confrontation, which *Wheel*, so intent on strategy and plot, doesn't really leave itself time for. The story's most exciting moment comes, not from an encounter with the Cybermen, but with the *Wheel* being bombarded by a meteorite storm – albeit one they arranged – at the end of Episode Five.

The Wheel in Space not only marks Zoe's débüt, but its soundtrack release also sees Wendy Padbury handling narration duties for the first time. Whether it's also her last depends on the Radio Collection's intentions towards *The Invasion*, but in the interest of fairness and variety, it should be Padbury for that one too. Padbury's voice is bright and definite, which, in part, is also what makes Zoe such a welcome contrast to Victoria. In fact, it's all the busyness and fast-paced interaction of the *Wheel*'s crew that sustains the story and carries it over all its to-ing and fro-ing. There's a convincing background bustle to its operations room that makes it sound like a real place of work. There's even a bit of office flirting from Leo and Tanya. If *The Wheel in Space* is the least-talked-about Season Five story, then it follows that Jarvis Bennett is its least-celebrated short-tempered chief of staff – which is a shame, as the suggestion that he's suffering a mental illness brings a different level to his outbursts and his unravelling. Proof, perhaps, that like the story, if you do something too often, people start not to notice.

more iconoclastic than it already was. By contrast now, *The Twilight Kingdom* almost qualifies as iconic, offering a well-paced, easy to follow story that wouldn't seem out of place during Doctor Who's television heyday.

Just as then, when Doctor Who aped King Kong, or reconstructed Frankenstein, but with a twist or two, it's fair to say that this is Doctor Who riding into *Apocalypse Now*. Rather than being about an US soldier in Vietnam journeying deep into the jungle to find a Colonel who's gone mad and set up his own outfit, it's the same situation but on another planet. Woe betide the listener who falls prey to expectation and expects to find Marlon

Brando at the heart of this darkness, because instead he'll find Michael Keating (for many inseparable from his *Blake's 7* character, Vila), and a science fiction mystery, rather than a showdown. Expectation wrong-footed me, and I found myself doubly let down by *The Twilight Kingdom* being neither *Apocalypse Now* nor a reprise of *The Natural History of Fear*. However, on subsequent listening, it emerges as a thoroughly solid four episodes.

When not declaring undying love for one another, or assuming revised personalities, there's a very good team in *The Doctor, Charley, and C'zizz*. Although the latter is still something of a mystery, Conrad Westmaas brings a level-headed grace to the team. It's interesting, I suppose, that his chameleon attributes don't extend to his personality, and it's Charley rather than he who is seduced into defecting from the Doctor's side, like the incomprehensibly grumpy Ace of the early *New Adventures*. The Doctor has become similarly level-headed, like an office worker on a Monday morning who, at Friday's office party, declared to his colleagues that they were his best mates in the whole world ever, and now just nurses a hangover and pretends it never happened. His breathless Tiggerisms have been displaced by a grimmer determination.

DOCTOR WHO: SCREAM OF THE SHALKA

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR PAUL CORNELL
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

When the TARDIS materialises in the sleepy English town of Lannet, the Doctor quickly discovers that evil is at work. Something is hunting the people of Lannet. Something that comes from below the ground to swallow up its victims. Something that is lurking in the shadows, waiting for the moment to strike. Joining forces with local barmaid Alison Cheney and army Major Kennet, the Doctor soon realises that much more than the future of Lannet is at stake. What terrible secret lies buried under the town? Why is an old enemy watching from the TARDIS? And will anyone survive the scream of the Shalka?

Scream of the Shalka is the novelisation of last year's BBC/Cosgrove Hall animated adventure for Richard E Grant's Doctor. Stripped of the online version's occasional so-so performances, the story becomes a more enjoyable experience in book form (the sole exception to this is discovering that it was not, in fact, the Doctor and the Master giggling together on the TARDIS' kinky answerphone message).

Although *Scream of the Shalka* serves as an introduction to an abortive 'ninth' incarnation, and acts as a pilot for a abortive series of online adventures, it is not a reinvention of the wheel. Cornell is at pains to emphasise the continuity with previous Doctors. Twenty-first century characters are placed in an archetypal Doctor Who neverland of secluded English towns set in rolling countryside. The aliens are invading Earth because they're evil. The Doctor saves the day

Good as the regulars are, they're up against some stiff competition from the guest performers. Michael Keating is cast against type, which to the vast majority of the audience means he isn't playing a slippery unheroic second-string revolutionary. By not making his Colonel Koth a Marlon Brando-sized monster, he's immensely believable.

show on Doctor Who's budget could never have depicted the visceral horror contained in this play, it's instructive to compare the soil claiming its victims in *Frontios* with the same happening here, or the underground execution common to the first cliffhanger of *The Caves of Androzani* and this story. Such nasties are more effective and seem less gratuitous when part

"THE THEMES OF THIS PLAY SHOWCASE DOCTOR WHO AT ITS MOST BRUTAL"

Alan Rothwell has a history of surprising me – I could hardly have been more shocked than when the presenter of *Picture Box*, the schools' television programme that enlightened my youth, turned up as Heather's mild-mannered, secret junkie boyfriend on *Brookside* many years later. Here, he plays an ineffectual scientist, reduced to cooking up homebrew rather than fermenting revolt. Such is Janto's depth and credible backstory, his decision to lay down his life to enable the Doctor to escape is entirely credible.

The themes and situations of *The Twilight Kingdom* are reminiscent of Doctor Who at its most brutal – the Eric Saward period. They work better here, though. Although a family

of a well-structured, meaningful drama like this than they were 20 years ago on TV.

I've learned two useful things from all this. Firstly, the ongoing Eighth Doctor range can still deliver perfectly recognisable Doctor Who when it chooses to, and listeners shouldn't panic when the series' direction changes, because it's likely to change again almost immediately. The other is that patience is a virtue. With our heroes left in an alternate, timeless universe, having learned precious little about the experiment of which they are part, and with many months left until any hope of a denouement, it's best to live for today and just enjoy the individual stories.

That's very easy with this one.



because he is not cruel or cowardly, although at times he is tempted to become so.

This is very much the Doctor's story. At the outset, we're introduced to a haunted man, shaking his fists at the universe and bemoaning his ill-fortune at landing in the midst of another adventure. He has lost another friend, one very dear to him, through his recklessness, a fact we are reminded of perhaps once too often by an android Master who has become an eye-rolling Smithers to the Doctor's petulant Mr Burns. As a result, the Doctor can be waspish and mean-spirited, and is continually tempted to just walk away.

What saves the Doctor is his friendship with Alison Cheney. Cornell writes Alison as a very normal, real person. She isn't extraordinarily witty, doesn't have a shadowy past, and is naturally frightened by the monsters. The Doctor is drawn to her warmth and her quiet resolve, which help him to rediscover these qualities within himself. She makes a good companion in *Scream of the Shalka*, but given Anji's ignominious fate, and the current telefantasy vogue for



kickboxing, wisecracking female characters, whether Alison could have survived as written here is debatable.

Cornell shows his usual fascination with the paraphernalia of the Pertwee years. UNIT is back in all but name, this time under the command of Major Kennet, whom Cornell clearly intends as a Brigadier substitute given the Major's humane nature and his bristling respect/exasperation relationship with the Doctor. The chapters in which we are introduced to this new, emotionally shattered incarnation through the eyes of Kennet are the best in the book, casting light on both characters. There's also a powerful ecological slant to the Shalka's threat that chimes with the Pertwee era's 'green' themes.

Written in the style of a Terrance Dicks novelisation, *Scream of the Shalka* is Cornell's *Get Back* – a self-set test of skill to see whether he could reproduce the tone of the no-frills Target books of his youth. But given that this is from the man who wrote *Revelation and Human Nature*, that's a bit of a no-brainer.

Scream of the Shalka is the best novelisation since *Remembrance of the Daleks*. It's also Cornell's weakest book, albeit one that proves that the author can do Dicksian 'trad' as well as the master himself.

EXTRAS

Appended to the novelisation is a 50-page 'Making Of' chapter that charts the story's course of composition, including original outlines and ideas that fell by the wayside. It gives an insight into how an author works to a given brief, adapting or incorporating the input of the producers, and shows the commitment of all involved to create a proper, solid Doctor Who story. It also suggests that the adventure of actually getting the script to the BBC is deserving of a novel in itself!

DWM

Death and the Daleks is thrilling stuff, and easily Paul Cornell's best script to date, thankfully free of the glib dialogue that impaired *Scream of the Shalka*. It will delight Benny fans, those who think Doctor Who fiction was never better than when it was with Virgin Books, and fans of *Genesis and Remembrance* – so pretty much everyone, really!

VANESSA BISHOP

MYTH MAKERS:

WILLIAM RUSSELL/VERITY LAMBERT

MYTH MAKERS:

WILLIAM HARTNELL/JACK PITT

DVD, REELTIME, £15.99 EACH



More old Reeltime releases are doubled up for DVD re-issue, and this time it's the turn of Doctor Who's early years to be represented. Both interviews on the Russell/Lambert volume were filmed in 1996. The facts of Doctor Who's early production are something a lot of us know very well, although I don't think I'd heard that Sydney Newman made Lambert read the *New Scientist* every week so she could try to ensure the 'future' stories could be tied to some hard scientific fact. In the main, though, it's her hindsight opinions that stand out, particularly the idea that she should have perhaps re-cast Susan once Carole Ann Ford had elected to leave. With the exception of the Doctor, it's rather odd to think of the series re-casting its lead characters, and of course, it begs the question where would it stop? Michael Craze and Anneke Wills as Ian and Barbara? Lambert also reveals that her company Cinema Verity budgeted a possible revival of the series in the early 1990s, and with a clear opinion on who should play the Doctor – Peter Cook.

The William Russell interview gets out of the studio and onto a London double-decker bus in a nod to the final scenes of *The Chase*. Beginning at Trafalgar Square, the journey takes in the Embankment and Riverside Studios, where Russell recalls some terrible canteen meals and some much better picnics – "Verity is a very good cook, you know." The bus material shakes about a bit – not one to watch if prone to travel sickness or sensitive to bad renditions of *Summer Holiday*.

The Hartnell/Pitt volume is made from *Myth Makers* first released in 1999. Pitt, an extra who played mainly monsters, and for 18 months shared digs with Hartnell, was originally found during research for the Hartnell tribute, but offered up so much material, he was upgraded to a feature of his own. 'Gossipy' would be the best description of it. The Hartnell tribute, on the Who side of his career at least, is as good as tracking down a copy of Jessica Carney's book on her grandfather, Who's There? – in fact, it's probably a bit more balanced, with contributions from, amongst others, Peter Purves and William Russell, who are, as always, ready and keen to speak up for the old boy.

VANESSA BISHOP

RUSSELL T DAVIES

PRODUCTION NOTES #3

COFFEE AND TV

The future of Doctor Who is decided in a Starbucks on Sunset Boulevard, opposite the Argyle Hotel, at 8.30 in the morning. Mal Young, Julie Gardner and I are stuck in the middle of a Californian heatwave. This is the only time of day we dare to escape the chill of air-conditioning. Breakfasting in sunglasses, we sit and talk. It's lazy chat – budgets and schedules and gossip from home, all the usual stuff. I'm idly considering the fact that if Liza Tarbuck had been called Susan, she'd be S.Tarbuck.

But then slowly, imperceptibly, the conversation shifts, unplanned. We move away from the hypothetical, beginning to talk about what we want for the Doctor. Not what might be merely possible, or acceptable, or even popular, but what we, personally, want. What excites us. Who excites us.

The thing is, a lot of telly – like any job – exists in a state of flux. Each decision depends on fifty-seven other decisions, so it's hard to be precise, let alone dogmatic. There's no point in fixing on one, perfect Doctor, because you might not get him. (And despite what you might have read, I have never, ever expressed any preference whatsoever for my 'ideal' Doctor – I know how casting works, I wouldn't be that daft.) Mal, Julie and I have become so used to the state of flux, that we've become ... well, fluxlike. Fluxish. Fluxescent. We're receptive to every opinion, keeping all our options open, ready for any sort of Doctor.

Before this day, we've approached a number of actors. And while time and research might dig up those names one day, I don't think it's fair to discuss actors in a public arena like this (oh all right then, we did ask Hugh Grant. Why not? I always say, 'Never say no on their behalf.' So we let him say no instead. Oh well, worth a try. Equally, it was worth asking JK Rowling to write an episode. Yes, I really did. She was "amused by the suggestion, but simply doesn't have the time." Still, never mind – if you don't ask, you don't get). Anyway. By this stage, Starbucks Day, we've met three actors. Three very different, very lovely men. And in our fluxlike state, we'd be happy with any of them, and there's another shortlist of at least five more men waiting for our return home.

But it's rare for all of us – the Executive Three! – to have much time together, at ease. The heatwave, the coffee, and the simple fact that we're thousands of miles from home relaxes us. Suddenly we're talking with a passion, not just professionalism. Sitting at that table, in ruthless daylight, we ask ourselves, one by one: who do you want? In a perfect world, who would you cast, right now? The flux evaporates, burnt off by the sun, and the same answer comes back from all three of us: Chris, Chris, Chris.

And that's it. Energy! Things start moving; we make them move. Our Controllers need to cast their vote, so halfway across the world, in London town, the tape of Chris' screen test is biked to the relevant offices. (Fact fans might like to know that he read episode 1, scenes 24–26, 28 and 49, with Julie reading in as Rose, recorded in a ground floor room in BBC Manchester. Chris brought a nose clipper, which doubled as the sonic screwdriver. Yes, it's official, the screwdriver's back.)

Back in Los Angeles. Two days pass. And then London phones, the verdict comes in. Oh yes. It's Eccleston. Of course it is. The Ninth Doctor finally exists. (I don't know about you, but we're calling him the ninth. I'll ramble on about that next issue ...)

Then two long weeks pass, while the contract is negotiated. And none of us can believe it's actually happening, until the deal is done, on Friday 19 March. We're all back home by this stage, and Mal's on



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES CLARKSON

"I HAD BEEN DREADING A CORNY PRESS LAUNCH WITH A WRONG-COLOUR-BLUE TARDIS AND DAFT TWIRLING UMBRELLAS..."

the phone: "Thank God we had that coffee!" I had been dreading some corny press launch with a battered wrong-colour-blue TARDIS and daft umbrellas being twirled, so it's something of a relief that Chris is busy rehearsing a play at the West Yorkshire Playhouse, and needs to lock himself away to learn his lines. No press call, no cattle market, no shouting, lovely. And it's done. The Doctor is in. The one we all wanted, and the Doctor I never quite thought we'd get.

No time to relax. Now we've got to start casting Rose. And Jackie. And it's scary, because Chris' appointment means all systems go. He's free to fit into our ideal schedule. The start date is now! And it's all happening. We've got a woman who answers the office phone saying "Doctor Who?" We've interviewed four FX houses, five directors, and we've seen one design for the Moxx of Balhoon. Mark Gatiss has delivered a wonderful, scary episode 3, which contains the words 'lobster', 'gas' and 'window'. I'm starting to write episode 4, the first of our two-parters, which has the working title Aliens of London. I get to write a cliffhanger! Deep joy.

While all this happens, I have to keep repeating to myself – we've got the Doctor! I don't like to speak on his behalf, but my God, he's excited, texting me every day about Time Lords and designers and make-up artists ... I've worked with Chris before. His dedication to his craft, and his passion for television, is remarkable and rare, and he genuinely inspires those around him. He's a good man to know in any situation, not just work.

And now he's the Doctor! Blimey. For once, my words in the press release are absolutely accurate: he has raised the bar for all of us. The Great Prevarication has ended, and the rest of this year, every single second of it, is going to be tough, and mad, and brilliant. It's time to get to work. Good luck. **DWM**

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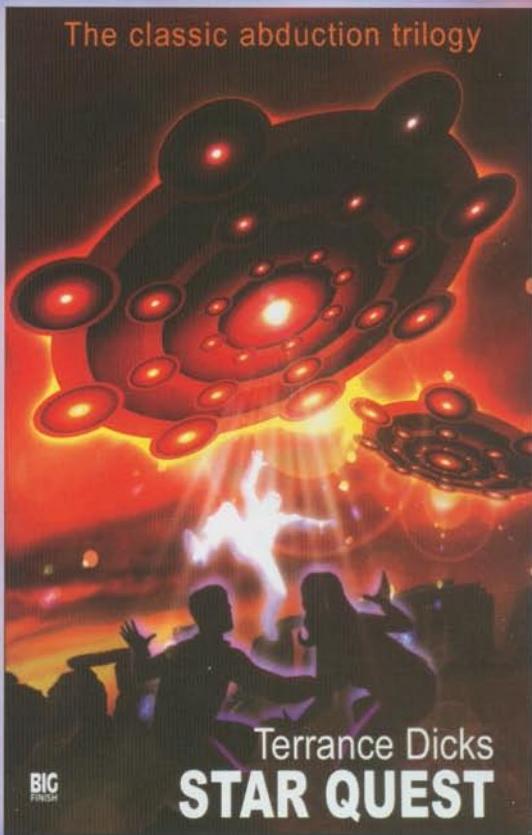
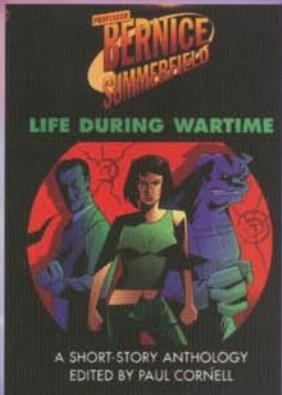
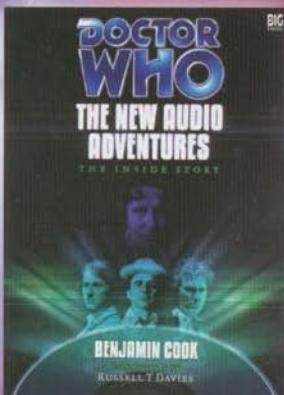


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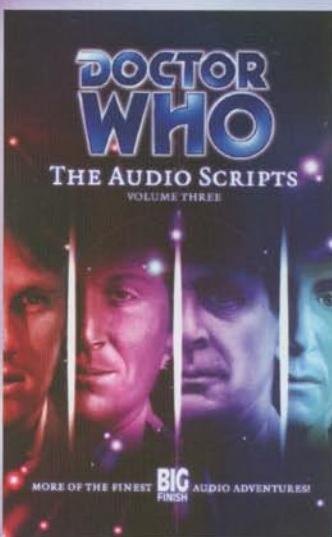
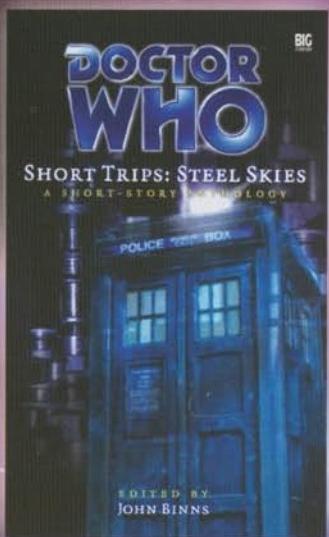
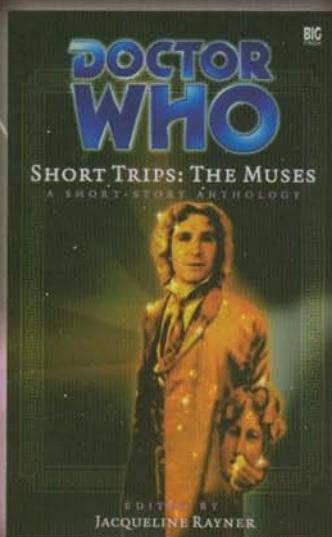
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